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Selections.

A DECISIVE TEST OF SOUTHERN PIETY.

[From Judge Jay's Letter to the Committee of Investigation of the American Tract Society.]

GREATLY is the cause of religion wounded and dishonoured by the eulogiums passed by the professors of cotton divinity on the religious character of the slaveholders, and of such politicians as condescend to be their tools. Brother Stringfellow's estimate of the piety and orthodoxy of the South will not do much harm; but that estimate, endorsed by Brother Adams, and given to the public under the virtual sanction of the American Tract Society, will be a cause of scoffing to the infidel and of grief to the serious Christian. The slave region is held up to our admiration as peculiarly religious and evangelical. This character is not disproved by individual cases of atrocity, for such cases occur in all communities, and the very family of our Lord comprised a thief and a traitor. But in a religious community there will be a religious public opinion; and the more extensively piety prevails, the greater will be the abhorrence of crime. Dr. Adams is particularly enamoured with the slaveholding piety exhibited in Georgia, South Carolina and Virginia. It is in these States that orthodoxy maintains its sway, and here is found an amount of faith exceeding that held by the descendants of the Puritans, while infidelity flourishes more vigorously on the soil of New England than on that which is enriched with the tears and blood of slaves. Instead of investigating the crimes committed in these three pious and orthodox States, we shall bring their state of morality to the single but decisive test of *public opinion* on an act which, in every civilized community not corrupted by slavery and its political and commercial influence, is deemed most atrocious.

Mr. Sumner, a member of the U. S. Senate from Massachusetts, had on various occasions been grossly insulted by Southern Senators for his frank, manly opposition to slavery. On the conclusion of one of his speeches, a slaveholding Senator in full Senate characterized it as "the barking of a puppy." Unintimidated by insult, in May last he delivered a powerful speech on the affairs in Kansas, and made free but just remarks on the character of American slavery and the means used to extend it. A Mr. Brooks, a member of the lower House from South Carolina, took offence at this speech, although it contained not the most distant personal allusion to himself. The assault which followed is well known. The *plan* of that assault, and the motives which led to its adoption, were thus acknowledged by the assailant himself, in a speech in the House of Representatives: "Expressly to prevent taking life, I used an ordinary cane. I went to the Senate deliberately. I hesitated whether I should use a horse-whip or a cow-hide; but knowing that the strength of the Senator was superior to mine, I thought he might wrest it from me. If he had, I might have done what I should have regretted for the remainder of my life." A voice: "He would have killed him." To this Brooks made no response, thus admitting the inference drawn from his words.

It thus appears, from the confession of the ruffian himself, that he was apprehensive that Sumner being the strongest man, might wrest from his hands a whip or cowskin, and perhaps apply it to his own shoulders. Hence, the whip and cowskin were laid aside for a weapon which might at once disable the intended victim, and prevent him from returning a blow, or defending himself. The advent into the Senate chamber was *deliberate*. Sumner was in an arm-chair, writing on a table before him, and thus, by his position, deprived of the use of his limbs for defence. Brooks took his aim, and a well-directed blow on the head, at once disabled the object of both his fear and his hatred, and repeated his blows on the head in quick succession, till the Senator fell senseless on the floor. Had the first blow not produced the intended effect, Sumner might have succeeded in wresting the cane from his assailant. For such a contingency his enemy was prepared, and a pistol or dagger was to ensure the assassination of the anti-slavery orator. So severe was the injury inflicted, so nearly was Sumner's life sacrificed, that after the lapse of nine or ten months, he was still unable to resume his seat in the Senate.

Let us now see how this man's conduct was regarded by a people whom the Tract censor tries to make us believe have, in consequence of the evangelizing influence of human bondage, made greater advances in Christian faith than the inhabitants of New England, who are destitute of this special means of grace. For the assault on Mr. Sumner, the paltry fine of $300 was imposed by a Washington Judge, without one word of disapprobation of the conduct of the culprit. Immediately the newspapers announced that Brooks's constituents had raised for him *double the amount of the fine.*

A resolution was introduced into the House of Representatives to expel Brooks. It received a majority of the votes, but failed for want of the required two-thirds. Not one single member from Dr. Adams's three favourite States voted for the expulsion. Still, as a *majority* had thus pointedly condemned the outrage, the gentleman's *honour* was touched—he resigned his seat, and appealed to his constituents, placing his reëlection on the single issue, whether he had done right or wrong in attacking and nearly murdering a defenceless man, and that man a Senator of the United States. He was immediately reelected without opposition, and received 7,900 votes. Honours were forthwith showered on him, and on his return to South Carolina, after the adjournment of Congress, ovations were offered to him as to some high-minded, virtuous patriot or philanthropist. His journey through his State was a triumphal progress. On reaching Columbia, the Mayor summoned a meeting of citizens to greet his arrival. "At eight o'clock," says the report, "the City Hall was so densely crowded that it was found necessary to move an adjournment to the street in front of the Court-House, upon the balcony of which Mayor Arthur presented Mr. Brooks, in the presence of the assembled mass of citizens, a handsome silver pitcher, a gold goblet and one of Mr. Peckham's finest hickory *canes* with a handsome gold head. The Mayor made him a flattering address, and assured him that the citizens of Columbia delighted to honour him." Brooks replied that "every foot of the way from Washington to this city, he had met with kindness from the people of the South, and it gratified him to believe, that were he to travel to the extremest verge of the South, he should meet with the same hearty welcome as he had experienced here and elsewhere." He then adverted to the possibility of Fremont's election, and declared that, if elected, "it was his deliberate opinion that on the 4th of March next, the South should rise in their might, march to Washington, and seize the archives and the Treasury of the Government." This exhortation to treason, civil war, and plunder, was well received, and a display of fireworks concluded the festivities in honour of the base ruffian.

On coming to Ninety Six, he found a grand banquet prepared for him, at which the Governor of the State, and Mr. Toombs, Senator from Georgia, were guests. Two goblets of gold and one of silver, and two *canes* were presented to the hero of the night. The chairman, referring to the assault, remarked to the audience: "We highly approve of that act which he performed on the 22d of May last, on the floor of the Senate Chamber of the United States. That, gentlemen, was a noble, though daring act." Brooks, in reply, observed: "For inflicting the punishment on Mr. Sumner, of Massachusetts, I have had showered upon me applause and commendation from every part of the South. My own people have even humbled me by the honours they have poured down upon me." After these extracts, it is unnecessary to quote from the ferocious applause bestowed on Brooks by the people of South Carolina. Let us next turn to Georgia. It is sufficient to say, that this State was represented by her Senator, Mr. Toombs. This gentleman made a speech at the banquet, in which he fully approved of the outrage on Mr. Sumner, and declared "he saw it done, and it was well done." Immediately after the assault, this man justified it in a speech in the Senate. We now come to Virginia, the third slave State especially commended by Dr. Adams for its evangelical faith.

Room can be afforded for extracts from only two Virginia papers, but they shall be the chief organs of the two great political parties. In a report of Mr. Sumner's health it had been stated, "If he essays to walk, his lower limbs refuse their office." On this the democratic organ, the *Richmond Enquirer*, published the following: "What a pity! what a pity! 'If he essays to walk, his lower limbs refuse their office.' Possibly they are ashamed to propel the contemptible carcass of the cowardly cur. The most satisfactory test to which his lower limbs can be subjected would be to set Preston S. Brooks after him with a good cane." Again, "we consider the act good in conception, better in execution, and best of all in consequence. These vulgar Abolitionists in the Senate are getting above themselves. They have grown saucy, and dare to be impudent to gentlemen. Now, they are a low, mean, scurvy set, with some little book-learning, but as utterly devoid of spirit or honour as a pack of curs. The truth is, they have been suffered to run too long without collars. They must be lashed into submission. Sumner, in particular, ought to have nine-and-thirty every morning. He is a great, strapping fellow, and could stand the cow-hide beautifully. There is the blackguard Wilson, an ignorant Natick cobbler, swaggering in excess of muscle, and absolutely dying for a beating. Will not some one take him in hand? Hale is another huge, red-faced, sweating scoundrel, whom some gentleman should kick and cuff until he abate something of his impudent talk. Let them once understand that for every word spoken against the South they will suffer so many stripes, and they will soon learn to behave themselves like decent dogs. We trust other gentlemen will follow the example of Mr. Brooks, so that a curb may be imposed upon the truculence and insolence of abolition speakers. If need be, let us have a caning or cow-hiding every day. Sumner and Sumner's friends must be punished and silenced. Either such wretches must be hung or put in the penitentiary, or the South should prepare at once to quit the Union. We are the most moral, religious, contented and law-abiding people on earth, and are daily becoming more so." Such are the utterings of Virginia Democracy. Accustomed to the submissive demeanour of Northern doughfaces, those *well-behaved and collared dogs*, it is exceedingly excited by any indications of independence of feeling and expression on the part of Northern representatives. We now turn to the Whig party, and, judging from its representative press, it has in vulgarity, indecency and profligacy, fallen to the level of the rival party. Said the *Richmond Whig*: "A GOOD DEED.—It will be seen by telegraph that Mr. Brooks, of South Carolina, after the adjournment of the Senate yesterday, administered to Senator Sumner, the notorious foul-mouthed Abolitionist from Massachusetts, an elegant and effectual caning. We are rejoiced at this. We trust the ball may be kept in motion. Seward and others should catch it next."

Surely if there be a woe unto them who call evil good and good evil, that put darkness for light and light for darkness, that put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter, it must fall on the people who rejoice in and applaud the vile ferocity of Preston S. Brooks, and also on those who hold up such a people as a special patern of evangelical piety, among whom faith abounds and infidelity is rare.

If further evidence be wanting of the utter debasement of public sentiment among slaveholders, it may be found in the inscription on a banner borne in a Democratic procession in Washington, in honour of Buchanan's election: "SUMNER AND KANSAS—LET THEM BLEED!" a sentiment worthy of the Thugs of India.

WHAT SHALL BE DONE?

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

WASHINGTON, March 23, 1857.

"WHAT are you going to do about it?" This is the question tauntingly asked of the opponents of the rule of the Slave Power, in view of the recently-erected barrier attempted to be thrown around its usurpations, by the Supreme Court. "What are you going to do about it?" Let us answer the inquiry. And since we are about it, let us come directly to the point, and neither mince nor disguise matters, nor attempt to conceal from ourselves or the public the actual state of affairs.

The country is in a great civil conflict. The party of Slavery is in power, and intends to hold its grip by the exercise of usurped authority. The party of Freedom is in opposition, and borders upon a state of insurrection against that usurpation. That usurpation consists in a double-headed violation of the Constitution—one aspect of it being an arrogation of power to the Federal Government in the assertion of the right to extend slavery into free territory, and declaring that the Constitution itself does so extend it—a power never hitherto asserted nor exercised; and the other a derogation of the power of the same authority, by denial of its right to modify, control or prevent such extension—a power recognised and exercised, according to Judge Curtis, in an unbroken chain of administration of the Federal Constitution ever since its adoption.

This is a strictly accurate and the simplest possible statement of the existing condition of public affairs. The "What-are-you-going-to-do-about-it" people are those who believe, or profess to believe, in the ability of the usurpers, by force of the central power, with its array of suborned judges and hemp-suggesting myrmidons, to deter the party of Freedom from attempting to repel and prostrate the usurpation by unusual measures. It is too much to expect of this class of men to perceive the deeper springs and grander movements of history. They simply look upon the people as so fettered by constitutional forms and legal impediments that they cannot extricate themselves from their own humiliation but by acts which they are not willing to perform. The *power* of the people cannot be disputed; it is simply their manhood which is questioned. Fearers and worshippers of power themselves, like the same class of time-servers under all governments, these poor-spirited parasites look upon the chains of tyrants only to laugh at their victims. And while they exult over the apparent strength of these chains, they tauntingly ask of those over whom they are thrown, "What are you going to do about it?"

For one, we make answer to the insulting inquiry by prompt and unequivocal reply. We propose to revolutionize the revolution. We design to prosecute countervailing measures to the usurpation, which shall be sufficiently radical and effective to accomplish its overthrow. We intend to strike directly at the usurping power. That power is slavery. We propose to drive directly at its vitals, wherever it exists. Forced into a war, driven into straits where one party or the other must sink, we go for sinking slavery. In a contest of vital consequence and far-reaching results, we cannot stand upon ceremony. Having no alternative but to yield to slavery or to conquer slavery, we strike for its unconditional extinction in this Government, whether by expulsion or otherwise. Upon this ground we believe the battle should be fought by all who do not intend to be victimized and degraded by the gross and insulting rule of the Slave Power.

This war upon slavery must be made by the free States acting in their own sovereign capacity, or by such cooperative union among them as shall be deemed best by the parties. It cannot be effectively carried on to its successful completion by the sole action of Federal agencies. It is too late for that. This plan has been tried and found wanting. The reasons why might be given at length, but we must omit them here. The lower House of Congress may, where possible, be used as an auxiliary force, but this is all. The free States, acting in their own separate and independent capacity, must accomplish the work. What those States must first do is to rise from their dependent, secondary, half torpid position, and assume the attitude of independent, self-respecting, self-reliant States. They need organization. They must be aroused to feel and to declare their rights. It is time to shake off the dust and sloth of generations, and to assert their powers, so long left in abeyance. They have need to recur to first principles, to brush away the cobwebs which have accumulated upon their books of constitutional law; restore to light their almost forgotten reserved rights, erect their prostrate political status upon a pedestal where it can be seen of all men. They must train their people, and organize their military resources, not for war, but for defence. They must assert their sovereignty, and be ready to defy all possible assaults upon it. Thus they may at one and the same time secure peace and command respect.

This done, and it may be quickly done, let them hurl their bolts into the ranks of slavery. Let them begin their approaches and prosecute their assaults in whatever manner and direction can be shown to be most effectual. This work may in fact be carried along *pari passu* with the work of preparing the free States for whatever emergency their position may induce. They may be skirmishing against the enemy while being disciplined. At present, the anti-slavery spirit of the North lies embosomed in a mere mob of numbers. The Yankees are, to too great an extent, degenerated to schoolmastering and huckstering. They are cultivated effeminates like the last of the Greeks. All this must be reformed. For the slave-driving oligarchs wind the men of culture round their finger. Determination, discipline, organization, must take the place of all such sentimental vigour and growling imbecility as was witnessed in that disgraceful spectacle, the Anthony Burns mob. In a word, the North must learn to *act* as well as talk. Do we need to intimate in what direction? We think not, except to wilful obtuseness. Wisconsin has taken one step in the true path. Yet, nobly as she has acted, and gratefully as her early assertion of State independence shall be remembered hereafter, her star will yet be pointed to only as one of a glorious galaxy, with which the future shall overspread the heavens, that was the first to shine out from the unbroken darkness of a once murky sky.

But there are larger and more comprehensive functions to be discharged than any State has yet initiated. For no State has yet come to a full view or a full contemplation of the force and criminality of the usurpation which has vaulted into the saddle of the Federal Government. Usurpation must be met by revolt, and revolt does not deal alone or stop with barricades. It makes necessity alone the rule of its action. The law of its conduct is not laid down in the books. It is extemporised on the gate-posts of the usurper by those who crowd in to his overthrow. The States must move directly upon the object they combat. Slavery has enthroned itself upon the violated Constitution. It must be dethroned by the parties to that instrument. Their starting-point for this work, the fulcrum to the lever by which they will overturn its power, is the Declaration of Independence. The free States must throw themselves directly back upon this instrument. They must fearlessly propagate its doctrines and scatter its fires wherever the Constitution extends. The effort will pierce the vitals of the ruthless barbarism that seeks to install itself upon the wreck of a violated Constitution. This is the magic power that shall dispel the curse that now threatens to blast the hopes of mankind. This is the spear of Ithuriel that shall transfix and destroy its existence.

——"For no falsehood can endure
Touch of celestial temper."

The people of the free States have only to go to their work in earnest to accomplish this result.

It has always been the doctrine of the State Rights or old Democratic party that the States had the right to judge of infractions of the Constitution, and, in a case of importance, to decide upon the *mode and measure of redress*. And since the slave States, regardless of every consideration of constitutional obligation, of comity and of State equality, have undertaken to control and degrade the free States, by making them parties to a scandalous oppression, they—the free States—may rightfully retaliate by aiming at the condign punishment of their adversaries, the transgressors, by the overthrow and destruction of slavery itself. They are rightfully entitled to exercise this power under the Constitution, as expounded by its great authors. Let the free States, then, rouse to their proper work, which the aggressions of slavery have necessitated, and go resolutely forward to the extinguishment of this pestilent institution—an institution that offends the world with the grossness of its disgusting characteristics, and whose upholders dare to trample the rights and the principles of freedom under their feet, and in doing so to aim at tyrannic sway over millions of freemen and the uncontrolled dominion of a continent. After this manner let the people of the free States answer the inquiry of the usurpers: "What are you going to do about it?"

J. S. P.

MILITARY SERVICES OF COLOURED CITIZENS.

WE are told by the highest *legal* authority in the land (its moral authority is of very little account) that negroes are not, and, under the Constitution, as it is, that they never can be, citizens of the United States. If this decision were binding on the nation we should be the meanest people on earth; for it cannot be questioned that negroes have repeatedly done as much, all things considered, to create American citizenship, as the whites themselves. We say "as much" deliberately; for two things are to be taken into the account in estimating the value of their services; first, that they were far inferior in number to the whites; and, secondly, that they belonged to an oppressed, a proscribed, a Pariah class, who were bound, according to the received notions of the world, to act against the whites. We propose, availing ourselves of Mr. Nell's excellent work ("Coloured Patriots of the Revolution," &c.) to mention some of the details that justify our assertion.

Mr. Nell, on the authority of that Democrat of the old school (the new school Democrats could not have owned him for a leader), Governor Eustis, states that coloured men entered the ranks with the whites. There was no objection then made to black faces when the object of all good men was to drive the red-coats out of the land.

General Schuyler, who at one time commanded the American forces destined to act against Burgoyne, wrote, on the 23d of July, 1777, stating that "of the few continental troops we have from the Northward, one-third part is composed of men too far advanced in years for field service, of boys, or rather children, and, *mortifying barely to mention*, OF NEGROES." This would allow quite a number of blacks. The General, though an excellent man in many respects, was too aristocratic in his ideas to fancy coloured troops. General Gates, who superseded him, being of English birth, and not a slaveholder, was less squeamish, and made a good use of coloured men in his effective operations against Burgoyne.

Rhode Island raised a regiment of coloured men, and they behaved admirably. They were second to none of the troops levied in the country during the war, always manifesting high soldierly qualities, as well in enduring privations and in performing hard work as on the battle-field. The successful defence of Red Bank was principally their work, and that was as brilliant an affair as occurred in the whole war.

Connecticut also raised a coloured battalion, which proved a most efficient body in aiding to establish that American citizenship which some judges, with the souls of hangmen, declare no coloured man *can* enjoy. When Fort Griswold was stormed by the British, and Colonel Ledyard was stabbed by one of the victors, after he had surrendered, Lambo Latham, a coloured soldier, avenged his death by instantly bayoneting the assassin, but fell the next instant himself with *thirty-three* bayonet wounds in his body. Arnold commanded the invaders. *He* could have been an American citizen. The faithful coloured soldier, we are assured, could not. When, in 1853, Mr. R. C. Winthrop delivered an oration at New London, on the 72d anniversary of the battle, he never as much as alluded to Lambert, or John Freeman, another coloured soldier, who fought under Ledyard, and died with him. Magnanimous man, that Winthrop, and we cannot wonder that he is rather liked by these ferocious Democrats, one of whose volunteer flunkies he was last year. When a monument was erected to Ledyard and his men, the names of the two coloured soldiers were put last on, and with a space between them and the names of their fellow heroes! They had stood side by side, all the men who fought that day. They fought with equal bravery. They fell in the same indiscriminate slaughter. Side by side they mouldered to dust, in the equality of the grave. In the same moment they stood before the judgement seat. A generation passed away, when a monument to so much worth was erected, and then, to use Parker Pillsbury's cutting idea, the names of the two murdered black soldiers were placed in the "Negro Pew!" Nor was this all. Mr. Latham was called Lambo, but on the monument it is cut *Sambo!* We often hear of "breathing marble," and in this case it speaks, as well as breathes, and utters a lie as well as expresses intense meanness. *That* column "lifts its tall head and lies."

New York had coloured soldiers in the Revolution, and so had New Jersey and Pennsylvania. In those days men were not so plentiful as they now are, and the country was willing to have even black men fight for it. There was, it is probable, not a man in the nation, at that time, who supposed the right of coloured people to citizenship would ever be disputed. On board the public and private armed vessels of America, in the Revolution, were many coloured seamen, some of whom forced their names into history by their bravery, their skill and their patriotic spirit.

In the war of 1812-15 there were many coloured sailors and soldiers in the service of that nation of which it is now said no coloured man can be a citizen. We alluded, the other day, to those who exhibited so much patriotism and gallantry in the Louisiana campaign. But it was not in Louisiana alone that they were distinguished in the course of that war. They were very numerous on board of our ships, which fought the first part of the war unaided either by government or by public opinion. Commodore Perry having complained that there were "blacks, soldiers and boys" sent to his squadron on Lake Erie, even while admitting that he was glad to see anything in shape of a man, Commodore Chauncey, writing from on board the ship "Pike," in reply, said: "I have yet to learn that the colour of the skin, or the cut and trimmings of the coat, can affect a man's qualifications or usefulness. I have nearly fifty blacks on board of this ship, and many of them are among my best men." The Pike was not a large ship, carrying only 28 guns, to which a crew of about 225 men would have been appropriated, supposing her to have had her full force, and judging by the size of the crews of such other vessels as we have accounts of; so that almost one-fourth the crew of the flag-ship on Lake Ontario was at that time composed of negroes. This was a larger proportion than prevailed in the navy generally, but it is known that they were to be found on board of all our ships, and that they were, as a general rule, brave and skilful seamen, whose fidelity was never called in question. Cooper, who is an authority on all naval matters, emphatically remarks that the loyalty of the negroes is of proof.

The more we think of the deliberate attempt that has been made by our highest tribunal to degrade the coloured people, the more it must shock us. Considering what that class of men have done for the country, the attempt is as shocking for its absurdity as for its injustice and cruelty. Men fight for their families, for the future of their homes. Most men would never fight at all from merely personal considerations. It requires higher motives than any that can be found in the lesser forms of selfishness to make soldiers of men in contests like those which we have had with England. We have no right to suppose that the coloured soldiers had less exalted motives of action than their white brethren-in-arms. It is conceded that the negro is less sordid than the white man. They fought for their posterity, and for what they held to be their country. Yet if the decision of Taney and a majority of his associates be a proper one, they were in reality fighting, not for their own posterity, but for that of the very men with whom they were contending. Our country is open to all white races, and therefore not the less to the children of our enemies of those times than to the children of our own soldiers, including only the white followers of our standard. The descendants of the man who shot Warren can aspire to any place in our country, while the descendants of Peter Salem, the coloured man who shot Pitcairn, the very soldier who commenced the war against us, can aspire to no political position in the land for the nationality of which he fought so well. The descendants of the mercenaries who slaughtered Mercer can be American citizens, but no coloured man can so become, no matter how well his ancestors behaved at Trenton and Princeton. The descendants of the men who slew Colonel Christopher Greene could not be refused the highest places here, while those of the heroic blacks who were slain in endeavouring to defend him are refused anything above the Pariah's station, though their ancestors were readily enough admitted to the warrior caste eighty years ago, when the heart and the soul, and not the colour of the skin, were taken as evidences of manhood. Even a descendant of Benedict Arnold could look for elevation here, and might, in these times, become Chief Justice of the United States; but a descendant of Lambo Lambert, who fought by the side of Ledyard, seeking to baffle Arnold, and who avenged his leader's murder, and was then murdered himself, is forbidden to hope even for a constable's post! We are not much disposed to look for special interpositions of Providence in the affairs of this world, believing that Heaven operates by general laws; but it would seem to call for such interposition to prevent the triumph of injustice in its grossest form, in this instance. We have heard much of the wrong involved in our Legislature allowing atheists to testify in our Courts under the pains and penalties of perjury; but what is the late decision of the Supreme Court but the organization of atheism, seeing that it ignores everything like justice? If it proceeded from any quarter not human, we must look for its origin in that deeper depth which the great Christian tells us lies even beyond the deepest hell.—*Boston Telegraph.*

"HENRY DIXON—THE ROCHESTER COLOURED BOY ENSLAVED IN GEORGIA."

From The Rochester Democrat.

EDITORS DEMOCRAT: In the Christian city of Rochester was this fact announced by the clergy in the several churches, on the last Sabbath, and subscriptions called for to purchase Henry Dixon his liberty again. The facts, as stated by the clergy, are as follows:

The young man had gone to Washington, and there hired himself out as a coachman. After a certain term of service, he decided to return home. On his way he stopped in the city of Baltimore over night. While asleep in his bed, he was there seized upon by "pirates," handed over to a slave-trader and sold into bondage, regardless of all his declarations as to who he was, where raised and where he belonged. None regarded, neither would any deliver. Thence taken to Georgia, he was again sold, to a man by the name of Bean. While here, he managed to send a communication to Mr. Ashley Sampson of this city, an old friend of his father's. Judge Sampson procured a requisition from Gov. Clark for his rendition and the proper officer was despatched to see it enforced. Bean, having received intelligence of this transaction, sold or put away the boy, before the officer arrived, and no after knowledge of his whereabouts could be obtained. The officer, however, received a proposition from Bean, to the effect that he would secure to him (the officer) possession of the boy for $700.

This narrative concluded, the contribution boxes were passed, and many whose sympathies were more active than their judgments, gave their money—that this *second* pirate might be reimbursed for the money he had paid the *first*, with whom he was equally guilty: "For when thou sawest a thief, then thou consentest with him."

It is undoubtedly true that all the large slaveholding cities of every slaveholding State are infested by these pirate gangs, who kidnap free-born citizens and sell them into slavery, to extort a heavy ransom from their Northern friends—and thus "bleed" the so-called *Abolitionists*. But whether thus redeemed or not, the practice increases by what it feeds on, and hundreds of free coloured men, are thus kidnapped and sold into perpetual slavery. So that if any free coloured citizen trespasses by chance upon slave territory, there is a strong probability that he will spend the balance of his days in involuntary servitude. Is there *any other spot* on the face of the globe exhibiting a pretence of government and civilization, Algiers not excepted, where these wrongs may be practised with impunity, and yet is ours the boasted land of *Liberty*, claiming to be the *freest* government under the sun!

Long ago, the Federal Government yielded her prerogative to the Slave Power, and this Power now bids defiance to all law, human and Divine. Confederate States of the North have no longer personal liberty-rights in common with the Southern States. Indeed, so far as this point is concerned, the Slave Power has "dissolved the Union" long ago!

But the crowning stroke of nullification may be found in the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court, with the High Priest of Slavery upon the Bench—Chief Justice Taney—and his coadjutors. Who can claim hereafter that the Federal Government protects persons in the enjoyment of "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness?" Is not, therefore, the Constitution of our *Fathers* abrogated, and the Despotism of Slavery substituted, and set up in its place, by this decision?

The Southern States nearly equal us in number, and though, numerically, we are far superior in population, yet the partial barbarism of some of the free States secures to the Slave Power the ascendancy in the General Government. Can this be remedied?

We find ourselves in much the same condition as England in the reign of Charles the First. That Monarch had his Cromwell, and if the present signs of the times are an index of the future, the Slave Power will find theirs also.

J. B.

"SLAVERY IN ITS MILDEST FORM."

"WE have no slavery in St. Louis, or only in its mildest form; and what few slaves there are here are far better off than the labouring whites or free negroes, and would not be free, not one of them, if they could." Such were the remarks that fell upon my ears a few days ago from the lips of a lady famous for her goodness of heart and kindly charity, her universal benevolence, and never-ending patience with the sins and follies of the world. Such are the remarks you hear daily from all classes of people, if you dare approach the forbidden subject. "Slavery in its mildest form," let us see what it is.

Month after month, as the days rolled on, and I sat at my door of a summer evening, or sallied out to market in the morning, I noticed four little children playing upon the pavement—two boys and two girls. The eldest was a slender child, with rather a dark Southern skin, hair almost black, and a large, flashing black eye. Her motions were quick, her laugh timid, and her ways seemed as of one fearful of some impending evil. Yet she was ever watchful and careful of two little ones who were almost always with her at play, and over whom, as the elder, she appeared to have charge. Next her in size was a curly-headed, round-faced, dark-browed boy—a rollicking, devil-may-care little chap, who defied all sorrow and sadness, and made one forget gray hairs, and wish he were "a boy again." He might have been five years old, the eldest girl seven. The two younger children, pretty and delicate, seemed like brother and sister to the two elder; yet I had noticed that the smaller ones were dressed more tastefully, and with richer material. I had also noticed the going out at morn, and the coming in at eve, of a trim, neat girl, of about twenty, as I supposed, who seemed to live in the same house; but as she passed me, she never looked up, and a shade of care rested upon her brow, that told of some deep suffering. Sometimes I would see her flitting to and fro daily; sometimes she would be gone weeks, and then I would see the two elder children clinging to her, as she turned the corner, and hanging to her skirts with shouts of joy, as if she were a loved mother just returning from a long absence, or a dear sister, gentle and kind, who held their little hearts in her keeping. Of one thing I was sure—they were the children of the same father, and that father often sat at his door of a summer night, and watched their gambols upon the street, as they led the two younger ones about, or drew the baby in its little carriage.

A year went by, and I still thought them all of one household. I needed a seamstress, and asked a neighbour where one could be found.

"Could you not hire Mrs. L——'s Lizzie?"

"Who do you mean?"

"Mrs. L——'s coloured girl, No, she's not coloured; she's as white as I am; but she's a slave. Did you never see her—that pretty, neat girl, that you see going in and out—the mother of Ella and Charley?"

I almost gasped for breath. "Is Lizzie a slave, and Ella and Charley her children?"

"To be sure they are."

"I thought these children were all Mr. L——'s?"

"Well, I suppose they are," said the lady, with a leer; "but the two oldest are Lizzie's, the other two Mrs. L——'s. She is a second wife, you know, and he came here a widower, and talks about Lizzie's husband down at Memphis. Lizzie is a splendid seamstress, and stays at home and sews round part of the time in warm weather; in winter, she goes on steamboats as chamber-maid. She is obliged, when on the boat, to pay her master thirty dollars a month—and all she gets over she has for herself, to clothe her children. That's why they are kept so nice. She is better off than many a free girl."

We went to the seamstress, and, after awhile, we heard her tale of wo. "Better off than many a free girl!" How could a woman's tongue speak those words, and not grow palsied in her mouth?

Lizzie had been torn from a home at the South by a sheriff's sale. Mr. L—— had bought her as a fancy girl, and her fate was like all others—now subject to the caprice of a jealous wife, her children often ill-used, when this wife dared. She was driven away to earn wages on a boat, sometimes at a fearful rate, and only able to satisfy a mother's love for her children by yielding to the exactions of her master, who was good if she obeyed, cruel to her children if she dared resist any enactment of his will. She had high and holy thoughts. Her love for her children was deep and strong. When at home, she would gather them to her arms, and weep over them through the long night, and almost pray that they might die ere they were old enough to know their fearful degradation. I never talked with her but once, and then she seemed to fear that the tortures of the Inquisition awaited her. She trembled from head to foot, and started at every noise. She had been kindly raised, and could read and write. "He makes me dress," said she, "and keep my children so, that the world may call him a good master. He never strikes me, but he tears me from them. And O, mistress, who knows what they gets while I'm gone? Not a thing but bread and water. And then, O, my God! he tells me Ella will be old enough to take my place some day; that she's so pretty, he can get fifteen hundred dollars for her when she's fourteen, and that he can sell Charley any day, and, if I don't do his bidding, he will. O, mistress, if there's a God in heaven, he will blast this nation for its wickedness. I sometimes hate you all, everybody that is free—yes, every one—because you can be happy in your children and husbands, and help to make us so wretched. Mistress says I ought n't to complain, when I have such fine clothes, and everybody treats me as if I was a lady; but fine clothes don't cure the heart-ache, and to be treated like a lady don't take away the fear that my poor children will be sold when I get back, and I never see them again. He don't tell me I am a slave always; but O, mistress, I would rather be a dog than such a thing."

Her sobs and tears choked her utterance. Poor Lizzie! Her's was a case of "slavery in its mildest form"—"scarce slavery at all," some would say, who only look upon the surface. Are chains and whips to the limbs and back so much more fearful than the terrible agony of the mother's heart, through long years of agonizing suspense, looking forward to the fate of her children, who must bear the brand of shame and ignorance, through her, forever; more, chains and stripes, starvation and hard work—*all* that makes slavery terible? That Christian ladies can say that a woman of high and holy instincts can be made the victims of man's lust, be made to bear the sacred name of mother, that her sons and daughters may be sold like brutes in the shambles, to the same fearful life that has withered all her womanhood, and turned to gall and bitterness every cup of existence, and yet that this is "slavery in one of its mildest forms," is most astonishing.—*Liberator.*

A TRAGEDY IN KENTUCKY.

FLEMINGSBURG, Kentucky, March 14.

THIS neighbourhood was the scene of a most shocking tragedy last Sunday night, some notice of which appeared in the last *Maysville Eagle*. The circumstances have awakened an intense excitement throughout the adjacent counties.

The person killed lived about six miles from this village, and though well to do in the world, was not of very good repute. His name was James Taber, and he was murdered by his own slave, in his own house, while lying in front of the fire on the floor asleep. The negro was convicted of the act to-day, under his own confession, and is to be hung on the 14th proximo. He is not at all insensible of his crime, and seems to have been terribly wrought upon by his late master, and declares that he does not regret the deed; that he was frightfully ill-treated personally, and was time and again ordered by Taber from the house, for the sole purpose of compelling his wife to submit to his (Taber's) brutal and depraved lusts; and to this latter cause may be traced the awful tragedy which follows.

After he consummated it, both himself and his wife fled from the house and secreted themselves near by in a thicket. In the morning they were pursued by the neighbours, and the woman, in a paroxysm of fear, when she saw they were likely to be found, rushed to a small stream at hand and *drowned herself in water not to exceed three feet deep, before she could be overtaken.* The man, however, was captured, and at once admitted his guilt, and wholly exculpated his wretched wife from any share of the deed, or any knowledge of it until the moment the axe clave the head of his master in twain. Such a chapter as this does not need any comment. It is easy enough to conceive how these poor wretches must have been excited by the outrageous treatment they received from their guilty master, but while the laws of the State inflict almost summary punishment upon them, they take no cognisance of the offences against them, and their oppressors go off scot-free. Is it a cause of wonder that such scenes as this are so frequent in slave States? Rather is it not to be wondered that they are not every day occurrences?

While this tragedy was being enacted in the country, another scene was transpiring in the Court-house in town. A young man was being tried for murdering his neighbour, having first struck him with a bludgeon and then stabbed him to the heart, killing him dead, all in broad daylight, and in the presence of half a dozen witnesses. All this was proved clearly and beyond any sort of dispute—*the first word, the blow, the stab and the death. And yet this man was declared innocent.* Like young Wood, he was too respectably connected, and too wealthy to fear conviction. Are jails and gibbets reserved exclusively for "poor white men" and "niggers!"—*New York Tribune.*

CITIZENSHIP OF COLOURED MEN.

JUDGE DAGGETT'S DECISION.

CONNECTICUT, Wednesday, March 18, 1857.

To the Editor of The New York Daily Times.

I OBSERVE that Hon. D. R. Floyd Jones, in a note published by you this morning (March 18), makes the statement that "our coloured citizens, by a decision made by Chief Justice Daggett, in Connecticut, 23 years ago, and unanimously affirmed by the Supreme Court of Errors of that State, are not *citizens of the United States.*"

Mr. Jones surely could not have referred to the case in the reports (Crandall *vs.* State; 10 Coum., 339)—or he would never have made the above assertion. As the case has been somewhat quoted in various quarters since the late Supreme Court decision, as if the latter were not entirely without authority, it may be well to give a correct account of it.

About the year 1832, Miss Prudence Crandall, of Canterbury, in this State—from motives, doubtless, of pure philanthropy, established a school in Canterbury for the instruction of coloured children, to which numbers of such children were sent from this and adjoining States. The people of Canterbury were much exercised on the subject, and in 1833 procured the passage of an act by the Legislature, which provided, in brief, "That no person shall set up or establish in this State any school, academy, &c., for the instruction of coloured persons who are not inhabitants of this State—nor instruct or teach in any such school—nor harbour or board for the purpose of attending such school, any coloured person not an inhabitant of this State, &c., without the consent in writing of a majority of the civil authority and selectmen of the town where such school should be so located; under penalty of a fine for each violation of this statute."

Under this statute Miss Crandall was prosecuted and tried before the Superior Court, in Windham County, October Term, 1833—Judge Daggett (then Chief Justice of the State) presiding. The defendant's counsel claimed that the statute was in violation of the Constitution of the United States, which secured to the citizens of each State the privileges and immunities of the citizens of the several States, and, therefore, void. Judge Daggett, however, charged the jury that there was no such repugnance between the statute and the Constitution, upon the ground (which he reasoned out, perhaps, to his own satisfaction, and certainly as lucidly as Chief Justice Taney) that coloured people were not citizens within the meaning of the section of the Constitution referred to.

So far, then, Mr. Jones is substantially correct—but this was the mere decision of a Superior Court Judge, which could have no weight as law or precedent, until affirmed by the Court of Errors—to which the defendant's counsel, upon the above charge to the jury, immediately carried it. The case was argued with great ability, and at corresponding length before the Supreme Court, the same grounds being taken as in the Court below, and the Supreme Court, so far from affirming the judgment of the Superior Court, reversed it—not, indeed, upon the ground that coloured people were citiz

through the land what the nature and destinies of oppressor and oppressed are; and we say that the Court is *mortal*, the man *immortal*; and that dearer to the Father of Spirits are his 'jewels' than those who,

"'Dressed in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what they're most assured,
Play such fantastic tricks before high Heaven
As make the angels weep.'"

—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

THE MODEL COUNTY OF AMERICA.

[The Mount Pleasant (Iowa) *Home Journal*, in replying to current objections to the emancipation of the slaves, especially in the State of Missouri, refers, by way of illustration, to the County of Chester, in Pennsylvania, as follows. The article was probably written by a former citizen of that County, who has lately taken up his abode in Iowa.]

WHY should the same proportion of blacks cause more annoyance in Missouri than in Pennsylvania? Take the County of Chester in that State, where about ten per cent. of the population are free negroes. The number of blacks, compared with the whites, is greater in that County than in any other section of the free States, and it is unquestionably the most prosperous community on the face of the entire globe. It is the model County of America. The people are engaged principally in agriculture, and it may, without exaggeration, be called the paradise of farmers. In no other County in the Union is agriculture brought to so high a degree of perfection, and in no other is there such general and rapid improvement going on in that branch of industry. Its improved breeds of horses, cattle, sheep, and swine, are nowhere excelled. Its hard clay soil is made by lime, manure, and other fertilizers, to produce even better crops of all kinds than the richest prairies of the West, as now cultivated. Its fine farm-houses, built of stone or brick, its capacious barns and extensive sheds, its fruit-orchards, flower-gardens and shrubbery, its ornamental shade-trees which everywhere abound, its beautiful hedges and velvet lawns—in fine, its substantial homesteads, on every hundred acres—are nowhere surpassed, if equalled, in the world. As an evidence of the industrial accumulations of Chester County, it may be mentioned that, though small in geographical limits, and the fifth in population, yet its citizens have more money at interest than any County in the Old Keystone State, except Philadelphia. Nor is the moral, intellectual and social condition of the people of that fair County behind that of any other community on this or the other side of the Atlantic. In no land that the sun ever shone on are there more of the comforts and elegancies of life for the mass, or a more cultivated, refined and virtuous society. Its ever-green and graceful hill tops are crowned with temples of learning, and luxurious abodes of domestic comfort, love and peace cluster in all its valleys.

Now we do not suppose that the great wealth, and high culture, physical and moral, which so distinguishes that County is attributable to the fact that it has a greater proportion of negroes than any County in all the free States; far from it. But it is quite certain that their presence could not have been *very* detrimental to its prosperity. That class of its population are, as a general thing, industrious, cleanly, well-behaved, intelligent, thrifty and happy. The men make as good farmers, and the women as good washers and housemaids, as are to be had in America. They are in many respects decidedly superior to the great mass of white labourers of Missouri. And if the whites and blacks can thus live and work together, free and comparatively equal, for their individual and general good in Pennsylvania, why can they not do the same in the State of Missouri?

IMPORTANT EMIGRATION ENTERPRISE.

OUR Albany correspondent informs us that the Judiciary Committee report to-day unanimously in favour of a bill organizing the "American Emigrant Aid and Homestead Company." The corporators will be: Erastus Corning, Rollin Sandford, Charles A. Stetson, John A. C. Gray, John E. Williams, Truman Smith, R. M. Blatchford, James McKay, William A. Hall, Edward W. Fiske, Henry Morgan, Palmer V. Kellogg, John S. Schoolcraft, Alexander R. Williams and D. Randolph Martin.

The object of this company, as we understand it, is to organize emigration, and give to a new settler some of the advantages of modern economical science; to send him into the wilderness, or to the regions where land is cheap, with all the advantages of capital and the comforts of a matured civilization. Heretofore, with a few memorable exceptions—such as the colonization of Byzantium in the third century, and New England and Virginia in the sixteenth—the emigrant has gone into the wilderness comparatively alone, without money or money's worth, save his rifle and perhaps his horse or dog, there to dwell and bring up a family to live and die in ignorance and heathenism, before they are overtaken by the humanizing influences of society. Experiments made in the settling of Kansas have shown an easy way of systematizing emigration so as to free it from these discouraging conditions, which few who can live in society are willing to encounter. The way now is for emigrants to form into bands, consisting mainly of personal acquaintances and neighbours, representing every social and industrial interest to which they have been accustomed or found essential to their happiness, and moving in a solid body right into the wilderness which, by that simple act, is at once transformed into a thriving village, with its church and schools, its physician, its wagon-makers, blacksmiths, carpenters, saw and grist mills, stores, taverns, &c. The moment this settlement is made, the land of each colonist, which before was worth a trifle, becomes a handsome property; the colonists themselves furnish a market for the fruits of their industry, and by their united strength are able to drive back the untamed forest and its hostilities further and further every day. In this way the new settler has to forego few or none of the intellectual or moral privileges to which he may have been accustomed, after the first two months; while each one contributes, directly as well as indirectly, to the prosperity and happiness of his neighbour.

It is the purpose, as we understand it, of the Company forming at Albany, to organize and facilitate this kind of Emigration, by providing the capital necessary to secure the most advantageous results to all concerned. Land can be bought most favourably when bought in large quantities and for cash. Small companies are not generally able to buy large tracts, and require some credit for what they do buy. Besides, they need a hotel, a grist-mill and a saw-mill, which usually have to be built with borrowed money. It is the purpose of the proposed Company to buy such lands as they think they can make most attractive to colonists, wherever they find them, and to improve them, as far as circumstances will warrant; to sell out part of these lands to colonists, reserving part—perhaps every other section, as the Government does—for their own, out of which, with the rent of their improvements, to make their dividends.

We know of no way in which men, possessing the confidence of the public and the necessary means, can be more usefully or more profitably employed than in giving shape and impulse to this noble enterprise.—*Evening Post.*

LETTER FROM ELI THAYER.

WORCESTER, MASS., March 12, 1857.

MR. BENNETT—*Dear Sir:* I thank you for your lucid and able analysis of the plans and purposes of the North American Homestead Company, as given in the *Herald* of February 28 and of March 10.

You have shown a true conception of the project, and it seems to me an accurate appreciation of its power and its probable results.

I assure you that it is our purpose to be strictly a business organization.

We shall abide by the laws, State and national.

We shall adhere with wonderful tenacity to the Constitution and the Union.

We shall purchase large tracts of land at slave State prices; shall give away to actual settlers about one-fourth; shall sell about one-fourth at cost, and the remainder at free State prices—thus probably doubling our money on each operation.

There is no chance for such speculation except in slave States, and even in them only in proportion to the extent of slavery. For example: There will be no inducement for us to buy land in Hancock, Brooke, Marshall or Ohio Counties, in Western Virginia, for in those Counties it is worth from $20 to $27 per acre. Those Counties, and the bulk of the others in Western Virginia, are essentially free. Our chances would be much better in Dinwiddie, Southampton, Accomac, and other exhausted eastern Counties, where we can obtain land for from $3 to $5 per acre—such being the average price in those localities where the slaves are a majority of the population. Now these lands are more desirable than those of the Counties first named, and by planting on them free white colonies we can make them more valuable. It is too much, therefore, for our Virginia neighbours to expect of human nature—and especially of Yankee human nature—that we should forgo any such chance as this of securing sure and ample dividends, especially when this can be done in a manner perfectly legal and constitutional.

But very many of the people of Virginia actually desire the proposed friendly invasion of the Old Dominion by this renovating army of free white labour. I can show you that even slaveholders are on our side, and that, too, in large numbers.

Some have already offered to take stock to the extent of their ability in the proposed company. Kentucky and Maryland are already looking with envy on the sublime destiny of Virginia, and are inviting the same invigorating agency of free labour to their own borders.

Missouri, also, has sent a delegation for the purpose of securing a colony of one hundred Yankees to build a town upon a good landing on the Missouri river. These applications, together with the tone of a large portion of the Southern press, make it manifest that the proposed movement will be admirably sustained, and our colonies treated with kindness and respect. But if, on the contrary, a portion of the people of Virginia, in defiance of their own interests and of our rights, should so far stultify themselves as to follow the lead of ultra disunionists and secession fire-eaters in committing outrages against the lives and property of peaceful settlers, then they must be met by the Constitution and the laws; and should these fail to give protection, popular sovereignty must be invoked for the Old Dominion, as it has been for Kansas. We shall not be intimidated. We are not that kind of people when good dividends are at stake. In defiance of danger we send our whale-ships to the Northern Ocean for money. We send our missionaries among cannibals for principle. We have defied all perils, even in sending the Gospel to the heathen without the excitement of pecuniary gain; but with that inducement the Gospel of Freedom "will have free course, will run and be glorified."

We have been charged with participating in the slave trade, contrary to law, for "filthy lucre." If this be so, we should probably participate in making slave States free for the same "filthy lucre."

There is not a kidnapper in the country who will not quit his business of catching negroes in Africa for the Cuba market, when it shall have been demonstrated that he can make 10 per cent. more in making Virginia a free State.

These men are no such bigots in their profession as to adhere to it when a lucrative business, protected by law, can be had in exchange for a hazardous, illegal and less profitable traffic.

There is no use, then, in talking about hanging or shooting our colonists, or the members of our company. If half of us were hung or shot, the rest would press on towards the shining dollars, even though they should rush

Into the jaws of death,
Into the mouth of hell,
Like the "six hundred."

Evidence of approaching success in this enterprise is every day accumulating. It is seen in the letters of sympathy from the slave States, and in the numerous applications of colonists from the free, and, more than all, in the readiness of capitalists to invest in the stock of the company. This, however, is not unaccountable. Millions of acres of Virginia land, owned by the merchants and brokers of New York and Philadelphia, will be made available, at a profit to the present owners, who have heretofore despaired of selling it at any price. Our company will therefore prove a very valuable medium between these landholders and the hardy pioneers, who can thus be furnished with homesteads on easy terms. This is too good a thing to fail. Truly yours, ELI THAYER.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1857.

THE END FROM THE BEGINNING.

HISTORY has hurried along with mighty strides, hurrying us all along with her, since the Anti-Slavery Movement began. The present state of affairs in this country would have been impossible to the belief of the generation of a quarter of a century ago—even had it been vouched for by the most authentic of prophets. The stirring of the matter of slavery was protested against and mobbed at, but it was purely from the shop-keeping point of view. It was the fear of less cash finding its way into the till that produced the responses from New York, Boston and Philadelphia to the reclamations of the Slaveholders. Southern trade was the idol, and Anti-Slavery was the iconoclasm—and it was natural enough that the artificers of fortunes should have cried out, or even rushed furiously upon those whose words and deeds endangered the craft by which they got their wealth. And Anti-Slavery itself did not see much farther. It saw that commerce was in league with the men-stealers, and they began soon to discern that the Church was a party to the treaty, offensive and defensive; but they were not given to perceive how faint was the whole heart and how sick the whole head of the nation, because of this inherent iniquity. And it was, doubtless, happy, as it must have been wise as a part of the ordinary plan of Providence, that our eyes were held at that time, and that it was only by slow degrees that light was let in upon them and we were shown our actual state.

The slaveholders, however, were always wiser than we. The keen instinct of self-preservation told them that silence was the only element in which slavery could exist, and that the first voice that disturbed its tranquillity was the sentence of its destruction. Hence their sensitiveness to the denunciations of the early Abolitionists, drawn almost entirely from the Bible, and addressed to them solely as moral and religious beings. They felt that the Abolitionists were building wiser than they knew, and that the plough to which they had laid their hands would not stay until its share had passed over the foundation of the City of their Refuge. They saw the end from the beginning, and they began the desperation of their resistance to all that could hasten it from the very beginning. There is no portion of American History so instructive as the chapter, or rather the volume, that records the struggle that began then but is yet far enough from being finished. The Emigration, and all the conflicts of the colonial times presaging the Revolution, and the Revolution itself, only prepared the way and made clear the field for the great battle of our times. The Royal Governors, and at last the King, disappeared from the scene, discomfited and defeated by the strong instinct of Independence. But then the real combat began between the two principles of light and darkness, on a fair field, with no intrinsic fear or favour to impede or to encourage either, and the scale of victory yet hangs dubious in the heavens "between Astræa and the Scorpion sign." The result is to show whether or not the great problem of civil liberty is to be solved on this continent and by this race, or whether it is reserved for a happier land and a braver generation.

The skill and science with which the battle has been fought by the army of the aliens were worthy of Machiavel or of Alva. Their dispositions and tactics have always been marvels of strategy. So marvellous is their skill that they long hid their deep designs from the eyes of the very enemies they would subdue. Adopting the fairest of names, claiming the highest purity of Democratic faith, assuming to be the most strenuous asserters of the rights of universal man, under fairest pretences of friendliest ends, they wound themselves in the easy hearts of men and "hugged them into snares." By thus allying themselves with the Democracy of the North, the stupid body of which was honest, unlikely as it may seem from the sinister expression of its crafty heads, they always held the key of the Cabinet and pronounced from behind the shrine the authentic responses of Slavery, under the mask of the freest Liberty. And though the North instinctively felt that something was wrong, and that the machine of the government was not behaving as it ought to do, still we did not perceive what was the drag upon its wheels, what the foreign mischief which disturbed its due and wholesome workings. In obedience to the beck of the Southern wing, the Northern allies doomed to political death the men who at Hartford breathed, and only breathed, the suspicion of the source whence all the evils of the country flowed. It seemed as if a judicial blindness had sealed the eyes of all who dwelt towards the North Star. As if darkness covered the land and thick darkness the people.

And it is curious to consider from how obsure a quarter the first light began to stream upon that gathered gloom, and also the fierce cursings with which it was met, as if the sight of horrors was what made them. It was not from Capitol, or Court-house, or pulpit, that the first rays came which are yet to grow to the perfect day. It was no Statesman, or Judge, or Divine, that uttered the word which has been going on from strength to strength, and is sure of prevailing mightily in the end. A more humble organ of Divine Truth could hardly be conceived of, or one that was less likely to strike terror into the hearts of a nation. And yet the tones of one earnest voice, pleading the cause of the poor, unforgotten of God, though scarcely remembered by men, asserting their absolute rights and perfect equality with their oppressors, fell upon the ears and the heart of the nation as if it had been the blast of the last trumpet. It was only the power of the truth thus enunciated, without concealment and without compromise, that stirred the nation's heart and divided the whole country against itself. It was the republication of Christianity, as it brings its message to the wants of this country, the proclaiming anew of the Declaration of Independence and the assertion of the everlasting and universal nature of the truths it contains. It was giving the lie to the pretensions of people and of priest, and showing how hollow was the piety and how false the patriotism that was silent and consenting to the heathendom and the slavery of a sixth part of the dwellers within their borders. It was a test to separate the precious from the vile.

The whole history of the country ever since has been but the natural development of the conflict of ideas then first joined. It has been but a record of the desperate struggles of barbarism, cultivated and astute, but barbarism none the less, to hold its own against the onslaught of the new ideas, its deadly and immortal foes. And to hold its own it was necessary to extend its line and present a more formidable front to the assailants. Hence the attempts to muzzle the press and gag the voice by mobs, if not by legislation. Hence the onslaught on the Right of Petition. Hence the Annexation of Texas, the Mexican War, the Compromises of 1850, the Repeal of the Missouri Compromise and the swift eagerness of the Supreme Court to make slavery conterminous with the nation. All these things have come of the disturbance of the ancient quietude of the reign of slavery. Slavery was as strong then as now, only it is forced to put forth its strength by the sense of its new dangers. Slavery is no stronger than it was fifty years ago; but the free States now see its strength as they never did before, and it will be their own fault if they do not oppose to it an answering resistance. We cannot say that they will, but we do affirm that it is to the Anti-Slavery Movement that they owe the chance of offering it. It is this that has brought these two natural and deadly antagonists face to face, and raised the one from its prostration at the feet of the other to at least the possibility of a hopeful struggle.

How this battle is to end, we have no doubt, because we know on which side the Right is. But its varying fortunes, and the strategic skill with which it will be fought so as to hasten the victory of the Right, we cannot foresee. Though we do not believe that any amount of blundering and stupidity can make slavery perpetual, we know that these powers are mighty to darken counsel and to perplex success. Our own notion of the best way of encountering a natural and necessary enemy is to withdraw from all entangling alliances with him. We have a notion that the way to weaken a foe is to refuse to help him, and to decline acknowledging his right to command us to help him subdue ourselves. We do not believe that so subtle an adversary is to be conquered in anything but an open hand to hand fight. We think that as long as we pretend to hold him fraternally by the hand, we are hindering our own chance of getting the better of him, and giving him a deadly advantage over us. We are sure that it must come to this complexion at last; unless the North fairly and unequivocally surrenders at discretion and puts down disaffection to slavery by the bayonet and the gallows. And even then it would be but a deferring of the only hope of the Bond and the Free. We regard the Dissolution of the Union as a rational, logical, inevitable necessity. What must be, in the nature of things, one day, we think had better be to-day. Now is the accepted time. Delay only complicates difficulties and heightens dangers. We see everywhere the signs of the hastening of that happy day which will release the slaves of the sight of our legions hovering on the horizon as the reserve of their master's army—or rather as the entire force of it. Then the North will be, what the Nation never can be, a Power on Earth. She can offer a free asylum to fugitives from oppression of every colour, and of this as well as other lands. Those still in the house of bondage will be within the reach of her diplomacy, and, if need be, of her armed interposition. We cannot predict the precise day when these things will come to pass; but they are as inevitable as was Bunker Hill and the Declaration when the Taxes were laid on the Colonies and the troops sent over to enforce them.

CONVENTION AT POUGHKEEPSIE.

POUGHKEEPSIE, as our readers at a distance may need to be informed, is a flourishing city of 13,000 inhabitants, occupying an elevated site on the east bank of the Hudson, at about an equal distance from New York and Albany. The hills in its immediate neighbourhood command some of the finest and most extensive views of natural scenery which can be anywhere obtained short of a toilsome mountainous ascent. From College Hill, an immense natural mound, shaped like a hay-cock, and, we should judge, nearly a mile in circumference at its base, there is a prospect which no painter's pencil nor poet's pen can ever adequately describe. Looking toward the North-West, you see the Catskill mountains towering grandly in the distance, the Mountain-House just discernible from its elevated perch. At the North-East you see the hills of Berkshire, while on the South the Highlands loom up in imposing majesty. Immediately before you and almost at your feet lies the city, its public buildings, church spires and numerous tasteful private residences forming a very attractive picture. The noble Hudson, in many a graceful curve, stretches away on either hand until the mountains hide it from your sight. Within the grand outlines thus described lie in full view the fine farms and villages of Dutchess, Ulster, Columbia, Orange and Putnam Counties. On the very summit of this hill stands an edifice, of the Corinthian style, devoted to the uses of a School for Boys. Except the mountains, no other object within a circuit of many miles is so conspicuous, and hence it attracts the instant attention of passing travellers.

Of the people of Poughkeepsie we cannot say much from personal knowledge; but they are of good repute for enterprise, intelligence and morality. Religiously they are divided into the usual number of sects, Catholic, Episcopalian, Reformed Dutch, Presbyterian, Baptist, Methodist, Congregational, Quaker, and, we know not what others. With all this array of piety, the Anti-Slavery Movement has scarcely obtained a foot-hold. Every popular form of philanthropy finds support, not only in the churches, but out of their pale; but in estimating their relations to the unfortunate victims of the men-stealers, the people have found their models in the Priest and Levite rather than the good Samaritan. We have an impression that an effort to enlighten them as to their duties to the enslaved, by means of public lectures, some twenty years since, was the means of exciting a mob, and that, for a long time afterwards, the subject was scarcely agitated there in any form. However this may have been, it is certain that the Gospel of Anti-Slavery, in its fullness, has rarely, if ever, been proclaimed in that place; while the anti-slavery sentiment, so far as it has had an existence there at all, has found expression chiefly through political channels, rising only to the dead level of Free Soil, or the tepid warmth of Republicanism, never to the living and glowing heat of thorough and uncompromising Abolitionism.

The friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society—or rather, its faithful agents, SUSAN B. ANTHONY and AARON M. POWELL—determined to invade the place with its "radicalism" and "infidelity," and a Convention was appointed to be held on Tuesday and Wednesday, the 24th and 25th ultimo. The Universalist church was kindly opened on the usual terms, the pastor, the Rev. Mr. DAVIS, though not a Garrisonian, taking a friendly interest in the meeting. Formerly a resident of Massachusetts, he was personally acquainted with many of the prominent champions of the cause, and knew how false were the charges of infidelity and fanaticism by which the public had been so long deceived and misled in regard to their principles, purposes and plans. The Convention was appointed in the confident expectation that WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON would be able to attend, and it was believed that his prominent relations to the cause and his eminence as a public speaker would attract many who, but for some such inducement, could hardly be expected to attend such a meeting. Great disappointment was felt, therefore, when it was announced that sickness in his family made it impossible for him to come. This disappointment, however, was greatly alleviated by the assurance that PARKER PILLSBURY would come in his stead.

The Convention commenced on Tuesday, at 2 1-2 o'clock, p. m. There were present, as representatives of the American Anti-Slavery Society, PARKER PILLSBURY, SUSAN B. ANTHONY, AARON M. POWELL and OLIVER JOHNSON. The audience, though highly respectable as to quality, was not sufficiently numerous to excite in the speakers any intoxicating notions of their own personal popularity. Among those present were a few faithful friends of the cause from the surrounding country, whose faces, long familiar to us, are always encouraging and inspiring. Of the whole number of citizens of Poughkeepsie who ventured across the threshold, there was not one, probably, who fully sympathised with the views which he expected to hear proclaimed. There were a few, how ever, who were by no means sorry that the prevailing indifference and conservatism of the place were to be disturbed at last by the utterances of men more radical than themselves. Wary of responsibility for what might happen, they were not indisposed to enjoy the excitement likely to be created, nor altogether hopeless that good results would follow.

AARON M. POWELL led off in an earnest address, in which he explained and defended, with much cogency of reasoning, the leading doctrines of Abolitionists. PARKER PILLSBURY followed in a speech as powerful in the sweep of its argument as it was radical in tone. He criticised the Republican party for its short-comings, and especially for its complicity with slavery through its ostentatious allegiance to the Union.

JOHN V. W. DOTY, Esq., accepting the proffer of a free platform by those who called the Convention, replied to some things which had been uttered by the previous speakers, and defended the Republican party. Messrs. Powell and Pillsbury also spoke again briefly.

Mr. STERLING, a well-known anti-slavery man of Poughkeepsie, and a member of the New School Presbyterian Church, requested information as to the *modus operandi* of the proposed dissolution of the Union. He could not see how the measure was to be accomplished without acting under the present government. Mr. Pillsbury promised that this and other questions should receive attention at the subsequent sessions of the Convention.

At the opening of the evening session, the audience was considerably increased, though a fee of ten cents was demanded at the door, and the Convention was organized as follows:

President.—SARAH H. HALLOCK, of Milton.

Vice-Presidents.—WILLIAM MCGEORGE, HENRY HALSTEAD, and VALENTINE HALLOCK.

Secretaries.—OLIVER JOHNSON and PHEBE L. DE GARMO.

Business Committee.—PARKER PILLSBURY, AARON M. POWELL, SARAH SCHRAM, HENRIETTA HALLOCK, and ISAAC SHERMAN.

Finance Committee.—SUSAN B. ANTHONY and ANNA HAVILAND.

OLIVER JOHNSON addressed the Convention at some length, explaining the grounds upon which the Abolitionists denounce the American Church and Union. PARKER PILLSBURY followed in a speech of masterly power, which commanded the close attention of the audience from its beginning to its close, and to which no other than a verbatim report could do any sort of justice.

On Wednesday, the Convention held three sessions, the last closing only a few minutes before midnight. SUSAN B. ANTHONY led off in the morning in a very effective address, the points of which were admirably taken and well sustained.

Mr. STERLING made a few remarks in opposition to the doctrine of secession from pro-slavery Churches. He had felt it his duty to retain his connection with the Presbyterian (N. S.) Church, and to labour for its purification from the sin of slavery. To withdraw from a Church must, he thought, involve a sacrifice of personal influence.

AARON M. POWELL rejoined, maintaining that membership in a pro-slavery Church necessarily involved complicity in its sin, and showing very clearly that such membership, instead of augmenting, diminished one's power to labour for its reformation. He who believes slavery to be sin *per se*, to make that belief effective, must "suit the action to the word," and refuse to fellowship all institutions which sanction the sin. The man or woman who stands aloof and refuses to go with the multitude to do wrong is the one whose influence is most widely felt in behalf of the right.

Mr. STERLING explained his views still further, after which Mr. PILLSBURY spoke on the relations of the Church to slavery.

Mr. BROCKAWAY (a member the of Poughkeepsie Law School, we believe) called attention to some passages in the "Platform of the American Anti-Slavery Society," which he thought inconsistent with the doctrines promulgated by its agents in the Convention.

In the afternoon, OLIVER JOHNSON again addressed the Convention, especially in reply to the points made by Mr. Brockaway in the morning. He explained the grounds upon which Abolitionists assailed the Church, showing that they did it, not because they were opposed to religion and religious institutions, for such was not the fact, but solely because they found the Church arrayed on the side of the slaveholder and hedging up the path of freedom. Mr. Brockaway asked various questions, to which Mr. Johnson replied.

PARKER PILLSBURY then made a stirring speech, dwelling especially upon the guilty course of the Church in fostering slavery and defending it from the Scriptures, while it used its whole influence to crush the anti-slavery movement and malign its advocates. He exposed the pro-slavery conduct of the Methodist Episcopal Church in particular, showing how many of its ministers had deceived the people by pretending that, since the Southern secession in 1844, the Northern Church was free from slavery, when at the same time the Discipline revealed the fact that eight or nine Conferences embraced slaveholding territory!

The Rev. B. F. WILE, a Presbyterian clergyman from Pleasant Valley, took the floor in defence of the Church, which he stoutly contended was anti-slavery at heart, and differed from Abolitionists only as to the *means* of abolishing slavery. He confessed, however, that the Church had not done her duty and needed "whipping up," but he wanted her whipped fairly and justly.

The Rev. Mr. CRAWFORD, a Methodist, came up to the defence of his Church. He admitted that there were slaveholders in the body, and that the General Conference had refused to adopt a rule designed to prevent the admission of others in time to come; but this course was taken, not because the Conference was pro-slavery, but because it was afraid that its ministers would be driven from the border slave States, where they were not only saving the souls of the slaves, but doing a great deal to promote their freedom!

Mr. BROCKAWAY made what he evidently intended should be a very sharp and telling speech, criticising the principles and measures of the Abolitionists; but it was apparent at every step that he had not studied the question. Comprehending the argument on neither side, he was rambling, incoherent and illogical, though some of the pro-slavery students of the Law School, who occupied seats in the back part of the house, applauded him quite vociferously. He thought that, if the Union should be dissolved, the States would fall a prey to a military Despotism. How such a despotism could be worse than that of the plantation Oligarchs who now rule us through the National Government he did not explain.

The evening session was opened by AARON M. POWELL, in a speech of decided ability, reviewing the position and doctrines of the Republican party. His argument seemed to us unanswerable.

PARKER PILLSBURY followed in a masterly defence of statements previously made respecting the Church—the Northern Methodist Church especially. No less than three Methodist clergymen, Messrs. Kettell, Crawford and Fitch, came to the rescue, and, as may well be supposed, the debate was pretty warm. That Mr. Pillsbury, having a good cause, was more than a match for his antagonists, we need not say. If the members of the Methodist Church were satisfied with the result of the encounter, we can only say that the Abolitionists present were equally well-pleased. The scene was certainly a very exciting one, and we only regret that the discussion could not have been prolonged for another day. Having taken no notes, we cannot make any report of what was said on either side, nor even state the points on which the discussion turned. One statement, made by Rev. Mr. Kettell, who, we were told, was an agent of the Methodist Tract Society, was too remarkable, however, to pass unrecorded. It was this, viz.: That Massachusetts had taken an attitude of hostility to the South from a spirit of revenge, because a South Carolinian had moved for the abolition of the foreign slave trade, thus depriving her of the profits of the traffic in human flesh! The man who made this statement said he was a native of Boston and had been trained in her schools!

We will only say, in conclusion, that the Convention, in our judgment, has done substantial good by removing prejudice and preparing the way for future efforts of the same character. The friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society owe hearty thanks to those citizens of Poughkeepsie who extended their hospitality to its faithful agents, doing all in their power to gain for them a candid and respectful hearing.

CONVENTION AT MILTON.—The Anti-Slavery Convention, held at Milton, Ulster Co., on Saturday and Sunday, the 21st and 22d ult., though attended by an audience that did not quite fill one apartment of the little Friends' meeting-house, was spirited and interesting. No organization was deemed necessary, every person present being left free to speak as the spirit moved. The American Anti-Slavery Society was represented by Aaron M. Powell, Susan B. Anthony and Oliver Johnson, and the Republican party (with which the majority, probably, of the small audience sympathized) was defended by Jacob and John Young, residents of the place. The Convention held one session on Saturday and two on Sunday. The discussion at one time was pretty sharp, but we believe it ended with kind feelings on both sides. The agents of the Anti-Slavery Society dealt very plainly with their Republican friends, labouring to convince them that it was their duty to "come out and be separate" from the National Government, and it is not to be wondered at that the latter were somewhat sensitive under arguments and appeals which, perhaps, seemed to them a scarcely justifiable assault upon their party. We believe those friends will ere long be convinced that the position of the American Anti-Slavery Society is invulnerable and presents the only vital issue between Slavery and Freedom.

MISAPPREHENSION CORRECTED.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I ALWAYS hold myself indebted to any one who points out my mistakes or omissions. But when, in the style of your correspondent "H" (in THE STANDARD of March 21), I am charged with "fraudulent falsifications"—when it is claimed that they are not only fatal to my argument, but that they prove my *future* assertions "good for" nothing, I must be permitted to defend myself and my cause before those who have listened to my accuser. What, then, I demand, is the extent, what the logical consequences, and what the moral character of my error?

First, I quoted from Patrick Henry, in the Virginia Convention that adopted the Constitution:

"Congress, by the Constitution, has power to declare all slaves free." "There is no ambiguous implication or logical deduction. The paper speaks to the point. They have the power in clear and unequivocal terms, and they will clearly and certainly exercise it."

Does your correspondent charge me with "fraudulent falsification" for this statement? No. But I also quoted Gov. Randolph's response:

"I hope there is no one here who will advance an argument so dishonorable to Virginia. I hope that, at the moment they are securing the rights of their citizens, an objection will not be started, that these unfortunate men now held in bondage, by the operation of the General Government, may be made free."

Does your correspondent charge me with "fraudulent falsification" for this statement? No. So, then, my quotations stand unimpeached! And they prove, precisely, *the only point* for which they were adduced. The *Oberlin Evangelist* had objected to my view of the Constitution, that "*On all hands* it must be conceded, that the power to abolish slavery in the sovereign States is not given to Congress by the Constitution, *in express terms.*" My quotations showed "directly the contrary," as I said they did, and all the *additional* quotations made by "H" do not alter the fact. I had nothing to do with them in that connection, and did not then think of them. I did not resort to the Virginia Convention to prove the meaning of the Constitution, which speaks for itself, and (as Judge Story says) is to be understood by its language, not by its contemporaneous history. But when appeals are made *from* its language to *supposed* facts which are *not* facts, I resort to history to disprove them. So much for the *logical* consequences of my error. Wherein did it consist? And where are the evidences of my "fraudulent falsification"?

In the haste of Editorial writing, with only the extract I then needed (not the whole document) before me, I said of Mr. Henry's declaration, what I supposed to be the fact—"And no man *appears* to have disputed him," *i. e.*, I was not aware that any one had done so. I made no *absolute* affirmation. I could have had no temptation to "falsify" for I *had established*, without that expression, the only point I was aiming at. But your correspondent "H" discovers that in the Virginia Convention (of nearly 170 members) there were *two* members who *did* dispute the statement of Mr. Henry, (*i. e.*) in the form in which he had stated it. And hence he "appears" to conclude that I had not proved what, after all, I *did* prove. His triumph was premature! Yet, on the strength of it, he charitably charges me with "fraudulent falsification"! When your correspondent, who, I learn, is a young man, shall have laboured, successfully, in collecting facts, till he reaches his sixty-fifth year, he will find his memory unable to recall, instanter, and infallibly, all he has ever heard or read, with such exactness as shall always enable him to escape the charge of needless prolixity on the one hand, or of omissions, on the other, which some one may imagine to be important.

If your correspondent imagined me to have been attempting to prove the power of Congress over slavery in the States, by appealing to the debates in the Virginia Convention, he made a huge blunder. And if he undertook to join issue with me, by appealing likewise to those debates, he committed a grand error, and has, himself, omitted many things quite necessary to an impartial view of the subject. He has taken no notice of the fact that George Mason expressed himself almost or quite as strongly in affirmation of the insecurity of slave property, from Congressional interference, under the Constitution, as Mr. Henry had done, declaring, "They may lay such a tax as will amount to manumission." But he *does* notice the fact that after hearing the arguments of Randolph and Madison, Mr. Henry reaffirmed, strongly, the power of Congress over slavery, "even if it be not delegated" "it will be implied, unless implication be prohibited." A stronger view of the case than the former one.

A close scrutiny would, I think, show that the quotations made by "H" do not precisely prove what he supposes they do. Mr. Henry had argued the power of Congress over slavery upon two distinct grounds. One was, that Congress could exercise powers by implication (which, he says, Madison had admitted), and that by this power they could, by heavy taxation, "compel the Southern States to liberate their negroes." The other was its war power (afterwards noticed by J. Q. Adams), and its power "to promote the general welfare." It was *these* which Mr. Henry said conveyed the power in "clear unequivocal terms." But Gov. Randolph's reply, as quoted by "H," does not directly grapple with this *latter* ground, but expends itself either in vague generalities or upon the "*taxation*" argument. I do not find a direct answer to Patrick Henry, on *this* point, the war power and the "general welfare." I think it was evaded. Perhaps "H" may discover it. If Madison had *not* admitted that "Congress could exercise powers by implication," he should have denied the statement of Mr. Henry. If he *had*, it devolved on him to show that the implication urged by Henry was not a legitimate one. Can "H" show that he did either?

I seem to be taxed with "misrepresentation" because Gov. Randolph said something, of which I was unaware, that was inconsistent with what I quoted from him! I did not endorse the self-consistency of Gov. Randolph, nor of Madison, nor of Henry. *My* use of their language does not require *me* to do so, for I do not quote them as authority, to prove the meaning of the Constitution. Let those who *do* thus quote them, consider their inconsistencies, and dispose of them as they best may! Gov. Randolph noticed the inconsistency of Patrick Henry in objecting to the Constitution that it permitted the slave trade, and also that it gave Congress power to abolish slavery. Patrick Henry might have noticed the inconsistency of Gov. Randolph, in the two paragraphs quoted by myself and by your correspondent. Mr. Madison's inconsistencies are equally glaring. He would not allow the Constitution to recognise property in men, in other words, the legality of slavery. So that Congress could infringe no man's rights in suppressing it. He had said, "where slavery exists, the republican theory becomes . . . fallacious." He argued in the *Federalist* that the Constitution was republican. He knew that by its provisions "the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of Government." Yet (as "H" shows) he argued that Congress could not abolish slavery! How long will men of sense look for "historical evidence of the "character of the Constitution" amid this confusion of tongues, instead of allowing it to *mean what it says?*

I am charged with known "falsehood" for saying that the "Garrisonian disputants have abandoned the field," meaning, as the connection shows, the field of *public mutual discussion* on the Constitution, specifying a certain fact, of which your correspondent seems not unapprized. Yet he represents me as saying that they had abandoned "*maintaining* the pro-slavery character of the Constitution," when I had said no such thing. Suppose I should follow his example, and make him "an offender" for that incorrect "word?" The facts of the case are as follows.

At the Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society, nearly two years ago, I accepted a challenge of H. C. Wright, and an invitation of Mr. Garrison, to debate the Constitutional question, and, while speaking, was so constantly interrupted, that Mrs. Mott, of Philadelphia, protested against it, and I was scarcely able to proceed. In company with others, I afterwards proposed to the Executive Committee a public debate with them, a chairman to be mutually chosen. The proposal was declined. I since read, in accounts of their Conventions, that, in advocating disunion, one says, "I care not a chip for the Constitution." At the Worcester Disunion Convention, Wendell Phillips said, "I am not going into the technicalities of the Constitution. I do not care now about them." So long ago as the Annual Meeting before mentioned, *he* had protested against the discussion, as inappropriate to an anti-slavery meeting, and he took little if any part in it. I now ask whether I am to be set down as a wilful falsifier because I understand all this as "abandoning the field" of public mutual discussion on the Constitution? Is this the way that Garrisonians wish to be treated by *me*, when I have occasion to correct their historical mistakes? Is it the way that I *have* treated them? Here, again, let facts answer.

At the Annual Meeting already mentioned, while I was speaking, Mrs. Rose interrupted me with, "Why, then, was the word *white* put into the Constitution?" I told her I thought it was *not* there, and, handing her a copy, asked her to find it. An hour or two afterwards, Mr. Garrison rose, and, with great solemnity, reprehended me sharply, for "using deception." He then read from the Constitution (Art. 1, sec. 2, clause 1).

"The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several States; and the electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature."

"There it is" (resumed Mr. Garrison). "Mr. Goodell *must have known that none but white* men could have voted, under this clause; and that it is just the same thing as if the world *white* had been inserted."

As it was now near night, and the people were retiring, and as this use of the "clause" was new to me, I could only say that I thought Mr. Garrison was mistaken, but that I would examine the matter. On reflection, afterwards, I was satisfied, *from that debate*, that the only remaining hook, for a pro-slavery construction of the Constitution to hang upon, was the *assumed* exclusion of all but *whites* from its benefits. I hunted up the old State Constitutions, charters, &c., and soon saw, that in at least six of the original thirteen States, the coloured people *could* vote, when the Federal Constitution was formed. I was afterwards enabled to extend the free list to eleven.* Not, until recently, have I ascertained that in the remaining two, Delaware and South Carolina, the coloured race were, at that time, excluded

seven votes against it in the Assembly were chiefly from New York city. Their names were Reilly, Mooney, McFarlan, Mehan, Kivlen, Kimmey, Sheehan, Mulligan, and the like. Isn't it almost enough to make a man a Know-Nothing? But I believe it is because they are Democrats, and not because they are Irishmen, that they array themselves against *real* Democracy, for I know Republican Irishmen who have advocated Free Suffrage for coloured men ably and perseveringly. B.

Our Philadelphia Correspondent.

PHILADELPHIA, March 30th, 1857.

THOUGH we have not made much demonstration in the newspapers, we have been tolerably busy here in Pennsylvania, this past Winter, in the way of holding meetings and keeping up a wholesome agitation. The resolution passed at Longwood, in November, to hold Fifty Anti-Slavery Conventions has been more than fulfilled. The members of our Executive Committee, with the aid, principally of Miss Frances E. Watkins, Agent of the Pennsylvania Anti-Slavery Society, and next to her, of Thomas Whitson, one of our Vice-Presidents, have held, or caused to be held, meetings in Chester, Delaware and Lancaster Counties, of this State, Wilmington, Del., and in numerous places in the adjacent parts of New Jersey, all of which, we have reason to believe, have been fruitful of good to the cause. Miss Watkins in effectiveness and zeal has fully equalled the sanguine expectations which her first efforts in this region excited. During all this unusually inclement Winter she has laboured most faithfully, failing in none of her appointments, and giving everywhere the liveliest satisfaction. She has visited places where the gospel of anti-slavery had never before been heard, and where prejudice against the cause was strong; but, as an evidence of the effect she produced, in almost every case her first meeting led to a second, and her second to the voluntary appointment, on the part of the people, of others; all of which were attended with marked demonstrations of interest. The truth is, Miss Watkins has proved one of the most popular and, in her way, effective lecturers that we have for a long time had in the field. Her style differs from that of most of our anti-slavery speakers. She is neither argumentative, nor declamatory, nor does she deal much in facts or statistical figures. Her figures are mainly those of rhetoric and her power lies in a lively imagination. She is affluent in words and has great facility of expression, and this, with a glowing and exuberant fancy, makes every lecture a poem, which not only charms but favourably impresses her hearers. She has no indoctrinating power; indeed, it is not quite certain that she is "sound" herself on all doctrinal points; but her heart is right, and speaking from it, as she does, she reaches the hearts of her hearers, and never fails to make a wholesome impression. By pleasing the imagination and stirring the sensibilities, she wins her way into the good graces of the people, and, inspiring them with respect for her race, gains them over to a favourable consideration of her cause. Her meetings are well attended, and, in short, she has been and still is doing a good work.

Thomas Whitson has been holding, and aiding others in holding meetings in Lancaster and Chester Counties, and has done what he could (and you know that's not a little) to keep the anti-slavery ball in motion. Mary Grew, Robert Purvis, Lucretia Mott, E. M. Davis and J. M. McKim, have also been at work, and thus the pledge adopted at the Longwood Conference has already been more than redeemed. A series of meetings appointed for Miss Grew, in Montgomery County, but which, from sickness, she was not able to be at, were attended and addressed by Mr. H. R. Warriner, an ardent and talented Abolitionist of this city, who proved a competent and highly acceptable substitute. I regret to say that Miss Grew has not yet recovered from her illness, and as her health is feeble at best, it can hardly be hoped that she will very soon be able to resume the important duties she performs in the active management of the cause.

In addition to the labours of the agents and officers of the Pennsylvania Society, we have been enjoying lately important assistance from several of the most competent lecturers of the American Organization. Benjamin S. and Jane Elizabeth Jones have been at work in Susquehanna and Luzerne Counties, in the northern part of this State, and the results of their efforts have been quite encouraging. They held meetings in Montrose, where they had the active and cordial coöperation of our old friend, A. L. Post, who is still as hearty as ever in his devotion to the cause. Mr. Gildersleeve, of Wilkesbarre, though they had no appointment in that place, treated them with his wonted hospitality, and gave them aid and comfort. At Springville, a village between Montrose and Wilkesbarre, where they stopped over Sunday, Mr. Jones was invited by the Presbyterian minister to occupy his pulpit in the day time, and Mrs. Jones, by some of the congregation, to do the same in the evening, and though they preached the "most ultra doctrine," they were both listened to with apparent approbation. These details may not interest your general readers, but there are some in this part of Pennsylvania who, I am sure, will be glad to hear them. While on this subject it may not be amiss to give an extract from the letter which contains these facts: It is a private letter, it is written by Mrs. Jones, and dated March 21st.

"We cannot," says the writer, "stay in your State long enough to accomplish much. We shall lay out work for about ten days only. It is my impression that this field might be cultivated to advantage. There is one obstacle, however, to the American Society, which is formidable. It is next to impossible to get subscribers to THE STANDARD and *Liberator*. The Press generally is so far abolitionized that it satisfies the anti-slavery wants of the people. There is *The Tribune* and *Era* for politicians; the *American Baptist* for Free Missionists; the *Northern Independent* for anti-slavery Methodists, and the New York *Independent* for Congregationalists; to say nothing of smaller papers and the altered tone of the *Times*, *Herald*, &c., &c. Then these papers are cheaper than ours, and sectarians will sustain the sectarian papers. Wherever the *Northern Independent* circulates we are heartily welcomed; and among our best friends we frequently find Methodist ministers—which is a new experience, I believe, to an anti-slavery lecturer."

C. L. Remond, another Agent of the American Society, is now engaged in a series of meetings which are being held in this city. He spoke last week in the Israel Church, and in the Commissioner's Hall, Spring Garden; this week he is to address a public meeting called by the coloured people, to express their sentiments in regard to the infamous decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Dred Scott case, after which he is to go to Lancaster Co., where he begins—on Saturday—a series of meetings appointed for him by Thomas Whitson.

So, you see, that though we don't say much—perhaps not enough—in the newspapers about what we are doing, we are not altogether idle. The political excitement which raged last Fall has lulled, and Republican anti-slavery is now unheard of in public meetings; but old-fashioned abolitionism is still in the field, pursuing the even tenor of its way, holding its gatherings in the school-houses, and town halls, arguing and contending with the people, and doing what it can to carry on the work so auspiciously begun to its destined consummation.

The books of the Underground Railroad show a diminished business in the months of January and February as compared with the corresponding period of last year. This is to be accounted for by the insurrection panic, which caused, for a while, increased vigilance on the part of the masters, and made the slaves more cautious. It is true that the freezing of the river made a natural bridge for the slaves, to pass over, but the intense severity of the weather prevented them, to a great extent, from taking advantage of it. To have trusted themselves to the woods without shelter when the mercury was ranging from zero to ten degrees below, would have been almost certain death. As it was, some who tried it after the weather had moderated suffered severely. One poor fellow came in with his feet so badly frozen that mortification took place, and lock-jaw supervening, he died. His sufferings were intense, but he bore them with the utmost fortitude, supported by the consciousness that he was out of the clutch of the slaveholder, and at last a free man. Everything was done for him that could be in the way of kind nursing and competent medical aid, but all was without avail. He is now safe beyond the reach of the pursuer—in the land where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest. I had the melancholy satisfaction of attending his funeral, and joining with others in paying the last duty to his remains. I could not help thinking, as I saw him in his neatly lined walnut coffin, habited in grave clothes so faithfully made, and at the same time so suitable, that if he could have foreseen for himself at any time during his life such a burial, it would have alleviated some of his sorrows. Instead of being thrown like a dog into a hole dug for him in the farthest corner of his master's plantation, he was borne in a hearse to a respectable cemetery, followed by sincere mourners, and deposited in his last resting place with the solemnity becoming a Christian burial.

The death of this poor man is the first event of the kind that has occurred in the annals of our Vigilance Committee. Of all the sick, and wounded, and bruised that have ever claimed our care, this is the only case where the sufferer has not sufficiently recovered to be able to resume his journey.

In the way of general news I don't know that I have anything to tell you. The nomination of Wilmot, by the joint Convention of Republicans and Americans, you have already noted. It is perhaps the best ticket that, under the circumstances, could have been made. The other nominees are, Hon. Wm. Millward an "American" ex-Member of Congress, for Canal Commissioner, and Messrs. Veech, of Fayette, and Joseph J. Lewis of Chester Counties, for Judges of the Supreme Court. Mr. Veech I don't know; Mr. Lewis is a man of ability and a lawyer of distinction. He was formerly a Democrat and is now an earnest Republican. His nomination seems to give much satisfaction, and the above ticket is said to be a judicious one for its purpose—which is success at the election.

A joint resolution was introduced by Mr. Harris, one day last week, into our State Senate, condemnatory of the recent atrocious decision of the Supreme Court, which gave rise to an animated discussion, the Republicans supporting the resolution and the Democrats opposing it. The latter tried to get rid of it by a motion for indefinite postponement, which failed. It was then, on motion of Mr. GAZZAM, referred to a select committee. M.

From our Dublin Correspondent.

DUBLIN, March 6, 1857.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

DEAR SIRS: I think I have talked to you before now of the *Saturday Review*, a weekly paper of great ability, which has established a considerable reputation for itself within the last two years. The style of its articles is so direct, vigorous, clear and trenchant that it jumped into notice from the first number. Its politics, as far as I can comprehend them—or rather its policy—is peculiar. It is Ishmaelitish. It loves to attack the *Times*, or Mr. Dickens, or the Administrative Reform Association, or Doctor Cumming of London, the great Evangelical Boanerges, or the Sabbatarians, or any unlucky Bishop who has made a slip, or some high-go-mad author—your Walt Whitman, for example—or philanthropists in general, or anything that is or that can be interpreted to be a sham. I regard it as wholesome reading for elderly students, for it shows you the other side of a great many shields, and treats you to many an unflattering portrait of yourself and your friends. I know one or two excellent people so honest and so crotchetty that you never know how to take them or where you will find them. Whatever you think they don't think; and when you feel that they must agree with you, they are almost certain to differ. Now, whether the *Saturday Review* is controlled by a set of these queerly constituted people I cannot say; but the result is much the same as if it were. For example, they stand stoutly by Jack Ketch, and are disgusted with all that tenderness to criminals and those efforts to reform them which have been so much the fashion since the days of John Howard and Elizabeth Fry. They demand a greater severity and certainty of punishment as an important means of healing the sores on our social system, and they sneer at much of Dickens's philosophy as sentimental, namby-pambyish and lackadaisical. During the late events in Kansas and in the Senate House, they were obliged to bend to the blast of public opinion which in these parts so strongly prevailed against those results of slaveholding domination. But as a general thing this eccentric journal is decidedly tender to the oligarchy which rules you. And the plea for this preference is the assertion that the slaveholders are the only true American friends to England. During the recent Presidential struggle the *Review* frequently protested against the leaning to Fremont which was apparent in nearly every English newspaper, and assailed the anti-slavery feeling by which the preference was animated as absurd, ill-judged, ignorant, impolitic, morbid, sentimental, ill-advised, and so forth; arguing that we were playing into the hands of our enemies and disgusting our best friends. At first I supposed that these articles in particular were the product of an American pen, or that they were penned by an Englishman who had lived long enough on your side to become thoroughly saturated with pro-slavery morality. I think so no longer. They are so full of the John Bull spirit of looking to himself, and judging all public measures with a view to his own immediate interest, that I am persuaded Jonathan had nothing to say to them, for the national impersonation of every people is thoroughly selfish, and views all public questions solely with a view to his own interests. In the last number of the *Saturday Review* is an article on the recent rejection by your Senate of the Clarendon-Dallas Treaty for the settlement of the Central American dispute. The reviewer sets down this result of so much painful negotiation to the necessity which compels American politicians to keep open a perpetual ground of dispute with England, as material for political capital. But I had better give you his own vigorous language.

"They [the Democratic party in America] have not one single cry left, if the treacheries and usurpations of England do not remain to be declaimed against. Englishmen rarely see an American Democratic newspaper, * * * and there is consequently a rather curious ignorance among us of the perfection to which the art of abusing our country has been brought in the United States. There are leading American statesmen who have specially devoted themselves to this branch of politics, and who scarcely profess to have a single political accomplishment except that of knowing how to apportion the proper modicum of Anglophobia to particular stages of party frenzy. Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, who is said to have been principally instrumental in procuring the rejection of the [Clarendon-Dallas] Treaty, is one of these. Such men listen to a proposal for putting an end to disputes between the two countries with as much satisfaction as Mrs. Spooner would hear that the Roman Catholics had voluntarily abandoned the Maynooth subsidy—or Father Gavazzi that the Pope was going to lecture on the state of Italy in the Hanover Square Rooms—or Dr. Cumming that Cardinal Wiseman was going to preach in Southfield on Revelations xvii. 5, and intended to burn his red stockings publicly after the sermon.

* * * * * *

"The votes of the several Senators are known, and they strikingly confirm the observations which we offered at the very crisis of the recent Presidential contest respecting the foolish partisanship of Col. Fremont and his supporters in which the English public chose to indulge. Eight Senators spoke tenderly of Great Britain, and protested against the policy of artfully keeping quarrels alive between the mother country and her descendant. Every one of them was a Southerner and a slaveowner. The Northern Republicans voted the other way, without a single exception, and out of sheer cowardice. Indeed, the most eminent among them, Mr. Seward, of New York, is a calumniator of Great Britain scarcely less venomous and less unscrupulous than Mr. Douglas, of Illinois; but then the Celtic rabble of New York city are among his constituents, and they must of course have their tastes consulted. In fact, whether we like it or dislike it, we have no firm friends whatever in America except the men who are libelled in the books which we devour with unnatural relish. There is not in the United States a more fanatical devotee of Southern interests than Col. Butler, the Senator from South Carolina. The other day, soon after the death of the gentleman who assaulted Mr. Sumner last summer, Col. Butler got up in the Senate and compared him to Brutus, Cassius and Timoleon. Yet the remarks on Great Britain put in the mouth of this very Col. Butler by the American press are almost affectionate; and similar remarks on the United States would rather surprise us than otherwise, by their conciliatory spirit, if they had been pronounced in Parliament by Lord Palmerston or Lord Clarendon."

You observe that he complains of our devouring with "unnatural relish" the books which "libel" our only firm friends in America—alluding, of course, to the interest with which Uncle Tom and other anti-slavery books have been read in England. Yet I think it would not be difficult to show from the *Saturday Review* itself that the most terrible pictures of slavery portrayed in the pages of American fiction can be more than paralleled by American facts. Nobody has ever said anything worse of the slaveholders than they have boastfully proclaimed of themselves. If the old maxim of English law be true, that the greater the truth, the greater the libel, then we may indeed admit that our only firm friends in America have been grossly slandered by Mrs. Stowe and others. With what face can people talk of Mrs. Stowe's libels while the statements in her Key remain unrefuted? If it be true that the slaveholders are our only true friends in your country, is this a good reason why we should throw a mantle over their crimes? If the men-stealers were merely sheep-stealers, do you think any sane reviewer would call on us to ignore the eighth commandment in deference to their love of dishonestly acquired mutton? If we happen to have some disreputable friends, are we bound to say nothing of their unpleasant propensities from a polite dread of hurting their feelings? I have heard that in Australia no cautious man talks disrespectfully of housebreakers, forgers or highwaymen in any mixed company, for so many of the people are convicts, or of convict parentage, that careless observations of this kind might prove very painful to those he might not like to offend. And the *Saturday Review* wishes us in like manner to stifle our moral sense from a canny regard to our substantial interests. I confess I have been amazed in reading the effusions of Messrs. Seward and Greeley by the dislike and jealousy of England which they display, and which are unworthy of men of their reputation, ability and general benevolence. The vulgar dislike of the British so common amongst the uneducated portion of the American people is not, to the best of my belief, reciprocated by any class in any portion of the three kingdoms. There is probably not a poor man in Ireland who has not some relations or friends in the United States. Amongst the English poor there are probably those who neither know nor care anything about you. Amongst the middle and upper classes everywhere amongst us you are regarded with a friendly interest, except so far as this is modified by a very general disapprobation of slavery or of the insufferable and unmannerly boastfulness of some American travellers—not one of whom I have ever yet seen in the guise of an Abolitionist.

If I were acquainted with the editor of *The European*, I would recommend these passages from the *Saturday Review* to his notice, and I would like to know how far, in his opinion, they are borne out by facts. That the slaveholders fear England is both likely and reasonable; that they regard England as their best market is but natural; but that they love her or are friendly to her I cannot believe. Their whole conduct and internal policy are hateful to English feelings. The slave States and England are utterly unlike each other in every respect, and I could not think much of the friendship of an individual or a nation which must hate me in the very nature of things.

By this mail you will hear how Lord Palmerston's Ministry was defeated in the House of Commons on a question respecting the propriety of the conduct of the British officials in Canton in the affair of the "Arrow." We shall have a dissolution of Parliament and a general election on the strength of this vote. It is my impression that the course of the British Governor of Hong Kong, Sir John Bowring, is disapproved in England, that the bombardment of Canton by the British ships is regarded with horror as uncalled for by the provocation received; but John Bull is a frail mortal, and the recent account of Chinese burning of British property, poisoning of bread, and determined hostility, will probably stir up his blood. He will hide his New Testament, send out his ships of war, his red-coated regiments, and not until he has asserted his supremacy, and made the poor Celestials pay the expenses of the drubbing they get, will he begin again to talk snufflingly of the means appointed by Providence for opening a way for the blessings of the Gospel of Peace amongst the benighted millions of China. During the Chinese war fifteen years ago, the religious portion of the British community were greatly reconciled by this consideration to the unpleasant arguments of bombshells and cannon-balls. Talking roughly, all large masses of people are easily reconciled to the plea that the end sanctifies the means, no matter how bad the means, provided the end be good enough. Doubtless there are plenty of pious souls amongst you who look with complacency on the slave trade as a somewhat rugged yet wholesome means of bringing Africa within the sound of the Gospel. To be sure, we would not like such appeals to our own convictions; but the Yellow and the Black races are so stupid that none but the most thundering and forcible logic can reach their benighted understandings.

Yours ever, RICHARD D. WEBB.

RYNDERS.

IT is as true as that Nature abhors a vacuum, that she never forgets or neglects the system of Compensation. In her gigantic machinery, which moves a solar system, or wafts a thistle-down, the balance is always even. However much, to our limited individual vision, may seem to be lost, in one place, we may be sure, if we have the true faith, is gained somewhere else. Gain and loss, indeed, in Nature's Laboratory, are unknown quantities. She never loses anything—she never gains anything. She is always whole and sound—is now, has been from the beginning, and ever will be, world without end.

Perhaps we are getting abstract. But to come down to the practical and illustrative: Boston has lost her Hallett; New York has saved her Rynders. They may think there that their loss is heavy; we, equally short-sighted, may return thanks for a blessing received. But all may be sure that Nature knows what she is about. The Hallett atom and the Rynders atom she has arranged in accordance with her great law of Compensation. And do not let us be understood as using the term *atom* in any contemptuous spirit. We speak of these great men as parts of a system, as we would of Saturn and Jupiter among the planets—with due reverence. Sydney Smith knew a man who once spoke disrespectfully of the Equator; we have reason to thank our God that we are not of that spirit, as regards either zones or dignitaries.

Captain Rynders is, for the next four years, United States Marshal for the Southern District of New York. He will condescend, for the future, to do us the honour of sticking an official cockade upon his hat, ornamented, in the centre, with that painfully stretched bird which we hold as our National Emblem. And it is a condescension on his part, for he has been heretofore a great deal more than a mere Marshal. We may almost say that we have lived, and moved, and had our being here in Captain Rynders. Our spiritual guides and friends looked for countenance to Captain Rynders. Marshals and Sheriffs were naught without the support of Captain Rynders. Mayors he made; and the Police were as dirt under his feet. The time has been, it is true, when his greatness was not appreciated; and even Mr. Pierce, among the many other weak things of which he was guilty, declined to give the Captain an official position only four short years ago. Mr. Buchanan knows better. The official position comes only as a proper recognition of true greatness, and is so accepted — with, perhaps, some slight reference to the official dollars.

There may be, perhaps, some sort of curiosity as to what manner of man this great Captain is. It ought to be gratified. Honestly and sincerely then, he is, and has been for several years, one of the most influential politicians in this State. He is not bad in that style of stump speech that suits the "b'hoys," and he possesses other innate qualifications that have gained him influence over that amiable class of our fellow-citizens. There certainly is not another man among us who could find so many other men entirely willing to take the risk of a broken head on his behalf, as the Captain—a risk which he is always willing that others should take upon them. Nor is there another who could command so many votes at the polls, or make a given number of votes go further. Of course he is great in the "Pewter Mug," or any other bar-room, and, as a natural consequence, as the plant follows the seed, greater still in a Tammany Hall Political Meeting, or a Tammany Hall Row—if there is any difference. Here is the secret of his power, and his success, and it is very likely yet to make him President of the United States. We hope it will, and we hereby nominate him as the most fit candidate for the next Democratic Presidential Convention.

Like another St. George, the Captain has had his Dragon. And the name of the Dragon was Anti-Slavery. And he slaughtered the Dragon, and cut it to pieces, and devoured it on the spot, in the year of our Lord Eighteen Hundred and Fifty, and neither hide, nor hair, nor horn of it has been seen ever since. And yet St. George is a man of small stature, and one who wants practical faith in that first principle of the noble art of Self-Defence—that every man should do his own fighting. We know of no more generous man in this particular than the Saint. He will let anybody who will do his share of that part of a "muss." In this also he shows that he is wise in his generation, and that he means that his days, if he can manage it, shall be long in the land. Were he another man than he is in this particular line of conduct, we might think that, being Marshal, his length of days was more probable, as hanging other people, and not being hanged, is among the duties of that office. For the Captain, in his private opinions, is a Fillibuster; but his fillibustering would never bring him into the hands of Marshal, or Provost Marshal, for here his peculiar notions possess him completely—he does not conceive that his duty leads into the path of danger.

Among the duties of his new official position are two which especially jump with his humour—hanging and slave-catching—and it is uncertain which he prefers. It is probably, however, the latter, as he has engaged in it sometimes as an amateur, when slaves have been sent South from this city, and knows that it has all the excitement of a fight without any of its dangers. But it is certain that he will perform both offices with equal alacrity and agility, and unmixed satisfaction.

A FORGERY.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PLEASE say that the signature of my name to a letter relating to a public reader named Kemble, published in your columns last week, is a forgery.

Yours, WENDELL PHILLIPS.

Boston, March 31, 1857.

Summary.

Why did the Pennsylvania Legislature elect Simon Cameron over J. W. Forney? Simply because they preferred *Simony* to *Forney*-cation.—*N. Y. Post.*

Speaker Banks returned home on the 16th ult. A highly eulogistic letter to him, closing with an invitation to a public dinner, is being signed by the Boston merchants.

Hon. John P. Hale was in Boston on Friday, partially recovered from his late sickness. He was one of the victims of the National Hotel malady, and looks pale and weak.

A SERIOUS JOKE. — "Ben. Hallett" having been superseded by Mr. Woodbury as U. S. District Attorney, remarks of himself, that having built the Cincinnati platform he has now fallen through it and broken his neck. Mr. Hallett should not have "botched" the job.

LECTURE IN EAST NEEDHAM.—On Monday evening last, Mrs. C. H. A. Dall delivered a lecture before the East Needham Lyceum, at Nehoiden Hall, on the "Power and Dignity of Woman." A large audience was in attendance, and the lecture was listened to with profound attention.—*Bost. Tel.*

SKULKING AND DODGING.—Judge Catron's unjustifiable opinion in the Dred Scott case has been expurgated and printed privately! Judge Campbell's opinion is being "modified." It needed it, since it is said to be so scandalous to Law and Equity that he won't let even his colleagues see it.

The Washington correspondent of the *N. Y. Herald* writes under date March 19:

"Messrs. Hallett and Pesalee have left here for Boston as mad as March hares. Pesalee, on learning that Watson Freeman, the Marshal, was retained, while he was superseded, exclaimed—'Yes, Freeman caught a nigger!'"

TO BE REVAMPED.—The opinions of the majority of the Supreme Court Judges have not even yet been filed in the Clerk's Office. Mr. Taney's is now undergoing *a second* revision in manuscript. The storm of disapprobation with which its report was greeted, has terrified him and his Southern backers.

ANTIOCH COLLEGE.—The *Free Presbyterian*, whose editor attended the examination of the students at the close of the Winter term in this institution, says: "These examinations added further evidence to the already demonstrated fact, that the female mind is fully equal to the male in all departments of study."

VERY APPROPRIATE.—"Warrington," the able and wide-awake Boston correspondent of the Springfield *Republican*, in a letter to that journal, says:

"I understand that, in deference to Gov. Gardner's recommendations to the clergy to preach on Fast Day on the subject of individual sins, the Rev. Theodore Parker will on that day take up the subject of *lying*."

It is gravely announced in the Snow Hill (Md.) *Shield*, that a negro man, Tom, owned by a gentleman in that vicinity, was sold last week to a Southern trader for $1,125. "Improper conduct on the part of the negro compelled his master to dispose of him." How *could* Tom be so ungrateful as to behave improperly, and thus compel his dear master to sell him?—*Boston Telegraph.*

GOVERNOR AIKEN AND HIS CONSTITUENTS. — We notice in our Southern exchanges that a portion of the constituents of Senator Aiken of South Carolina, are very indignant over the act of courtesy committed by their Representative at the close of the last Congress. Courtesy and gentlemanly conduct between political opponents is of so rare occurrence in the slave States that they find it difficult to appreciate the magnanimous course of their Representative.

The daily papers in Petersburg, Va., are agitating the question of no Sunday work in their offices. To avoid the necessity they propose to strike off their Monday morning editions on Saturday night. The reason urged is that "a low state of morality invariably accompanies such a violation of the day."

[This zeal for Sunday observance in a slaveholding community offers a striking illustration of the nature of the popular piety.]

SALE OF A NEGRO IN CONNECTICUT.—Notwithstanding the prohibition of slavery in Connecticut, a negro was recently sold there under the following circumstances: A Buchanan farmer disposed of a load of hay to his parson, and being anxious to get as much as possible for his crop, he covered a negro in the hay, and weighed negro and clover together, and the parson was in this way made to pay $2 50 for the negro.—*Boston Atlas.*

THE WORLD DOES MOVE.—The Committee on State affairs in the Michigan Senate, has reported favourably to extending the right of suffrage to females. In this State the proposition to submit the question to the people, passed the House, but was defeated in the Senate. Next year, we trust the people will have a chance to vote upon the proposition, and we believe that its general discussion before the people will be of great benefit even if it should be rejected.—*Milwaukee Free Democrat.*

An unfortunate gentleman, one Dr. Crane, has ventured to address the people of the town of Dallas, Texas, on the subject of "Human Reformation," but having had occasion to allude to the "blasphemous profanity and drunkenness" of the early settlers of that delightful locality, he raised a hornet's nest. The citizens immediately got together, and signed and published a card, in which everybody is invited to point "the finger of scorn" at the unhappy Doctor, and he is held up to the indignation of a virtuous community. The Doctor, probably, won't lecture in Dallas again.

A planter in Alabama has, among other slaves, one, a mechanic, for whom he was repeatedly offered $2,500. This slave had accumulated considerable money by his industry. One day his master said to him—"Jordan, I have been offered $2,500 for you, and I will tell you what I mean to do." "Well, massa," said Jordan. "I mean to make you free whenever you wish to be," said the planter. "Oh, no, massa, you can't hire me to leave you any how." This master was strict in his discipline, but his slaves loved him as if he was a parent to them.—*Boston Post.*

Very likely he *was* a parent to them.—*Boston Telegraph.*

In view of the accumulated weight of opinion against Judge Taney, it is no wonder that that gentleman withholds for revision the manuscript from which his decision in the case of Dred Scott was pronounced. Revise it as he may, there is no chain of reasoning by which he can circumvent the facts and arguments contained in the opinions of Judges Curtis and McLean. We await the promulgation, however, with curiosity, for we desire to ascertain what amount of ingenuity the learned Chief Justice will have exercised in the revision. It is stated that the editors of the *National Intelligencer* recently applied for it for publication, and were refused.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—The Rhode Island House of Assembly, by a vote of 38 to 20, has resolved that "every person who shall commit murder shall be imprisoned for life;" and by a vote of 48 to 10, refused to declare that murder committed by a convict in the State prison shall be punished with death. On the latter question, the strongest advocates of capital punishment united with the extreme philanthropists, holding that human life ought not to be held more sacred in the State prison than out of it. The Senate concurred with the House on the first of these propositions, and the law on this subject, therefore, will remain as it has been since 1853, when capital punishment was abolished.

Chevalier Hulseman has again got himself into a squabble with the Government, and Gen. Cass has been obliged to write him, to-day, a long letter upon international law and the privilege of ministers. It seems that the Chevalier had some dispute with the master of a negro woman that he had hired as a servant, and the master meeting her in the street told her to go home to his house. The woman did so, and the worthy Chevalier has invoked the interposition of the State Department to defend his right as Minister Plenipotentiary of Austria against interference with his servants. Gen. Cass's letter is said to be an exquisite *brochure*, as he has very little sympathy for dirty work of any kind, and less for that of Austria.—*Wash. Cor. N. Y. Herald.*

GEN. PIERCE.—Another gentleman of Virginia, says a correspondent of the Richmond *Enquirer*, has invited General Pierce to become a resident of the Old Dominion. He offers for his residence 200 acres of land near Elysium Springs, three miles from the border of the Tenth Legion and five from Capon Spring. There he can have the benefit of that pure, balmy atmosphere, well impregnated with the purest Democracy. The name of the gentleman is withheld until it is necessary to be known. He will also give $100 towards the purchase of any residence in the State of Virginia which the Ex-President may select.

The Manchester *American* learns from a reliable source that General Pierce will return to New Hampshire about the middle of May next.

"The election of the Judges of the Supreme Court by the people, is henceforth to be one of the aims of the Abolitionists for acquiring the means of having the Constitution construed according to their own fanatical ideas of law. If they accomplish that end, *the strongest bulwark of the South* will have been swept away, the last bond of union will have been broken. But, before they can achieve that dark design, the HALLS OF CONGRESS WILL ECHO OTHER SOUNDS THAN THE VOICES OF MEMBERS."—*Richmond (Va.) Enquirer.*

This threat of pistol bullets to overawe legislation in Congress has no terrors. The only echoes Northern Representatives will hereafter be afraid of, in the discussion of questions of Human Freedom, will be the ayes and noes of Doughfaces.—*Alb. Eve. Jour.*

OHIO.—A dear friend in the Ohio Legislature gives us this interesting information, which shows that the bonds of old bigotry are relaxing: "A large number of the Senators and Representatives of the Legislature here united, in an invitation to Rev. Mr. Conway, of Cincinnati, to come up and deliver a lecture last week, which he did on Thursday night. Subject, 'Success,' which he treated in a very masterly manner, contrasting that success, political and otherwise, which the world applauds, with the nobler and truer 'success' of the Christian, who, clothing himself in a panoply of truth and purity, may for a time seem to fail, but who ultimately, in this world or the next, will be blessed with that only true and glorious success, of having done his duty, and have earned the title to those blessed words, 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' &c. The lecture was well attended, and amongst others I observed Governor Chase, and family."—*Christian Inquirer.*

A CONNECTICUT, BUT NOT A U. S. CITIZEN IN A SOUTHERN JAIL.—The New Haven *Palladium* states that about eight months ago a young coloured man from Stratford, Conn., employed on board a coasting vessel, was reported by some of his shipmates while at a port in North Carolina, either out of spite or in a joke, as a runaway slave from Richmond. He was arrested and lodged in jail, and the vessel sailed leaving him to his fate. Recently a native of Stratford, Conn., was elected to some office at the above-named port which brought the jail under his inspection, when the story of the poor negro was made known to him. He immediately opened a correspondence with Stratford, and the result is that there is a fair prospect of the negro's liberation. At the expiration of a certain period he would have been sold to pay his jail fees.

THE SUPREME COURT.—Five of its nine silk gowns are worn by slaveholders. More than half its long Bench is filled with slaveholders. Its Chief Justice is a slaveholder. The free States with double the population of the slave States, do not have half the Judges. The majority represent a minority of 350,000. The minority represent a majority of twenty millions!

It has long been so. Originally there were three Northern and three Southern Judges. But the South soon got the bigger share of the black robes, and kept them. Of the thirty-eight who have sat there in judgment, twenty-two were nurtured "on plantations." The slave States have been masters of the Court fifty-seven years, the free States but eleven! The free States have had the majority only seven years, this century. Even the free State Judges are chosen from slavery extending parties. Presidents nominate, and Senates will confirm none other. Three times a new Judgeship has been created, and every time it has been filled with a slaveholder. The advocate who pleads there against slavery, wastes his voice in his vaulted roof, and upon ears stuffed sixty years with cotton. His case is judged before it is argued, and his client condemned before he is heard.—*Albany Journal.*

[And yet the *Journal* clings with a stultifying tenacity to the Union which yields such fruit!]

A DUEL IN JAMAICA.—The eastern part of our village, as we are informed, *the spot called the "Green,"* was greatly agitated on last Saturday evening, in consequence of an affair of honour, that had to be settled with pistols, between Samuel Scisco and Paul Mitchell, "gem'men ob colour." The one had slapped the other's face, and declining to apologize, he received and accepted a challenge. Seconds were chosen, and to the appointed ground the parties went, full of wrath. After the first fire, finding that neither was hurt, and that there was some danger of shooting the seconds or spectators, the offended parties became reconciled—and according to the code of honour, each declared the other a brave fellow. As they say at the South, "this unhappy dispute terminated to the entire satisfaction of all parties concerned, without compromising the dignity and honour of either of the parties engaged in the duel."—*Jamaica (L. I.) Farmer.*

Straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel is no novelty in the moral world, but the most striking recent illustration of it is furnished by the State of Mississippi. The Legislature of that virtuous Commonwealth have just amended their criminal code to the effect that no billiard table shall be kept under penalty of not less than $500, nor more than $1,000, while a person renting a house for billiard playing is subject to a fine from $100 to $1,000.

Now, we don't pretend to say that these are not wholesome provisions, or that they don't evince a lofty anxiety for the preservation of the public morals; but we must add that we should respect such measures a great deal more coming from an honest State than from one which has refused for years to pay its own just debts, and still persists in cheating its creditors.—*Tribune.*

KANSAS AND DRED SCOTT — CALL FOR A STATE CONVENTION IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The people of Warren, at a public meeting on Sunday evening, 22d ult., adopted the following declaration, after speeches by Rev. D. Atkins, Drs. Carpenter and Cutter, and others:

Whereas, the recent decision of the United States Court (the Dred Scott case), and the pressing perils of the free State settlers and immigrants in Kansas, render prompt organization and immediate efficient action by the Northern freemen and women, imperative—

Resolved, That it is expedient that a convention of delegates from the towns and cities of Massachusetts be convened at Worcester at an early day, to devise means to secure prompt, efficient, organized, united and terrified action to meet the impending crisis.

HOAXED AND BADLY SCARED.—Some of the people of Mecklenburg County, Virginia, were badly hoaxed on Wednesday. It appears that some one put in circulation a rumour that 250 slaves had risen in arms at Forksville, in that County, and killed Dr. B. Fennel's, Wm. Wright's and D. Hudson's families, and were about to slay everybody before them. The rumour rapidly spread and gained so much credence that (according to the Petersburg *Democrat*) about two hundred white women and children of the neighbourhood were collected together at the houses of Isaac Bedford and E. M. Hites, where they were guarded by a few faithful slaves, armed with axes, hoes, &c. The young and vigorous men immediately shouldered arms and marched towards the represented place of insurrection, some five miles from Forksville. To their utter astonishment, however, they soon found out they had been egregiously hoaxed, and thereupon marched back again.

HANGING. — The bill professedly to increase the efficiency of the gallows and really (as it will turn out) to give a renewed impulse to the crime of murder, passed the House yesterday by a vote of 129 to 110, a majority of only nineteen. At its previous stage, it had a majority of *fifty-nine*, the vote being 159 to 100. The vote yesterday shows a remarkable change in the feeling of the House relative to the bill. At the third reading only 100 out of 259 members voting, were opposed to it. On its engrossment, 110 out of 239 voted against it. It is probable that another day's debate would have reversed the vote, and killed the bill. It was a fear of this result, no doubt, which induced the majority to insist upon taking the vote yesterday. The opponents of the bill have reason to congratulate themselves upon the progress of reasonable views. The bill has now passed both branches, and will no doubt receive the Governor's signature. The result of it will probably be an increase of murders, and a diminished number of convictions and executions. After trying the grand specific a few years longer, the State will no doubt restore the law of 1852, or abolish capital punishment altogether.—*Bost. Tel., March* 21.

REV. SAMUEL R. WARD.—*Frederick Douglass's Paper* alludes to the painful rumour that this distinguished coloured preacher had been transported to one of the British Penal Colonies for the crime of forgery, and remarks: "This rumour we have heard whispered in different circles for several months, but said nothing about it, because we deemed it unsupported by positive testimony, and further because our belief in the man did not permit us to entertain for a moment the idea that he could be guilty of such a crime. While in Philadelphia, a week before last, we saw Dr. Callorie, who assured us that as late as September last, he had seen Mr. Ward in Jamaica, and that he was there preaching to thronged congregations. The present week, in conversation with a gentleman direct from Toronto, C. W., the residence of the wife of Mr. Ward, since his sojourn abroad, we were informed that she stated to him last Sabbath that there was no foundation whatever for the rumour, as she had lately received a letter from her husband, which contained the intelligence that he is still preaching to crowded audiences in Jamaica. He, moreover, urges her in this letter to set sail for Jamaica immediately. We trust that the journals that have not hesitated to circulate the lying report above mentioned, will have the manliness to publish this positive proof of its fallacy."

The *Boston Atlas*, by way of showing what Jefferson thought as to the possibility of persons of colour being citizens of the United States, quotes the following passage from a proclamation issued by Jefferson in reference to the famous outrage of the British man-of-war Leopard upon the frigate Chesapeake. To understand the force of this quotation, it should be recollected that of the four seamen taken from the Chesapeake on the claim of being deserters from the British service, the only two born in the United States were two coloured men, natives of Maryland. The passage in Jefferson's proclamation is as follows:

"This enormity was not only without provocation or justifiable cause, but was committed with the avowed purpose of taking by force from a ship-of-war of the United States a part of her crew, and that no circumstance might be wanting to

Miscellaneous Department.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE EIGHTH. MRS. JAZEPH.

If, instead of hazarding the guess that a second death stood in the way of Mr. and Mrs. Frankland's arrival at Porthgenna, the housekeeper had, by way of variety, surmised, this time, that a birth was the obstacle which delayed them, she might have established her character as a wise woman, by hitting at random on the actual truth. Her master and mistress had started from London on the 9th of May, and had got through the greater part of their railway journey, when they were suddenly obliged to stop, on Mrs. Frankland's account, at the station of a small town in Somersetshire. The little visitor who was destined to increase the domestic responsibilities of the young married couple, had chosen to enter on the scene in the character of a robust boy-baby, a month earlier than he had been expected, and had modestly preferred to make his first appearance in a small Somersetshire inn, rather than wait to be ceremoniously welcomed to life in the great house of Porthgenna, which he was one day to inherit.

Very few events had ever produced a greater sensation in the town of West Winston than the one small event of the unexpected stoppage of Mr. and Mrs. Frankland's journey at that place. Never, since the last election, had the landlord and landlady of the Tiger's Head Hotel bustled about their house in such a fever of excitement, as possessed them, when Mr. Frankland's servant and Mrs. Frankland's maid drew up at the door in a fly from the station, to announce that their master and mistress were behind, and that the largest and quietest rooms in the hotel were wanted immediately, under the most unexpected and most interesting circumstances. Never, since he had triumphantly passed his examination, had young Mr. Orridge, the new doctor, who had started in life by purchasing the West Winston practice, felt such a thrill of pleasurable agitation pervade him from top to toe, as when he heard that the wife of a blind gentleman of great fortune had been taken ill on the railway journey from London to Devonshire at the West Winston station, and required all that his skill and attention could do for her, without a moment's delay. Never, since the last archery meeting and fancy fair, had the ladies of the town been favoured with such an all-absorbing subject for conversation as was now afforded them by Mrs. Frankland's mishap. Fabulous accounts of the wife's beauty and the husband's fortune poured from the original source of the Tiger's Head, and trickled through the highways and byways of the little town. There were a dozen different reports, one more elaborately false than the other, about it; about the lamentable condition in which his wife had arrived at the hotel; and about the painful sense of responsibility which had unnerved the inexperienced Mr. Orridge from the first moment when he set eyes on "his fashionable and lovely patient." It was not until eight o clock in the evening that the public mind was relieved at last from all suspense by an announcement that the child was born, and screaming lustily; that the mother was wonderfully well, considering all things; and that Mr. Orridge had not only kept possession of his nerves, but had covered himself with distinction by the skill, tenderness and attention with which he had performed his duties.

On the next day, and the next, and for a week after that, the accounts were still favourable. But on the tenth day, a catastrophe was reported. The nurse who was in attendance on Mrs. Frankland had been suddenly taken ill, and was rendered quite incapable of performing any further service for at least a week to come, and perhaps for a much longer period. In a large town this misfortune might have been readily remedied, but in a place like West Winston it was not so easy to supply the loss of an experienced nurse at a few hours' notice. When Mr. Orridge was consulted in the new emergency, he candidly acknowledged that he required a little time for consideration before he could undertake to find [illegible] fessed nurse of sufficient charac[illegible] on a lady like Mrs. Frankland. [illegible] and suggested telegraphing to a medical friend in London for a nurse, but the doctor was unwilling for many reasons to adopt that plan, except as a last resource. It would take some time to find the right person, and to send her to West Winston; and, moreover, he would infinitely prefer employing a woman with whose character and capacity he was himself acquainted. He therefore proposed that Mrs. Frankland should be trusted for a few hours to the care of her maid, under supervision of the landlady of the Tiger's Head, while he made enquiries in the neighbourhood. If the enquiries produced no satisfactory result, he should be ready, when he called in the evening, to adopt Mr. Frankland's idea of telegraphing to London for a nurse.

On proceeding to make the investigation that he had proposed, Mr. Orridge, although he spared no trouble, met with no success. He found plenty of volunteers for the office of nurse, but they were all loud-voiced, clumsy-handed, heavy-footed countrywomen, kind and willing enough, but sadly awkward, blundering attendants to place at the bedside of such a lady as Mrs. Frankland. The morning hours passed away, and the afternoon came, and still Mr. Orridge had found no substitute for the invalided nurse whom he could venture to engage.

At two o'clock he had half-an-hour's drive before him to a country house, where he had a child-patient to see. "Perhaps I may remember somebody who may do, on the way out, or on the way back again," thought Mr. Orridge, as he got into his gig. "I have some hours at my disposal still, before the time comes for my evening visit at the inn."

Puzzling his brains, with the best intention in the world, all along the road to the country house, Mr. Orridge reached his destination without having arrived at any other conclusion than that he might just as well state his difficulty to Mrs. Norbury, the lady whose child he was about to prescribe for. He had called on her when he bought the West Winston practice, and had found her one of those frank, good-humoured, middle-aged women, who are generally designated by the epithet "motherly." Her husband was a country squire, famous for his old politics, his old jokes, and his old wine. He had seconded his wife's hearty reception of the new doctor, with all the usual jokes about never giving him any employment, and never letting any bottles into the house, except the bottles that went down into the cellar. Mr. Orridge had been amused by the husband and pleased with the wife; and he thought it might be at least worth while, before he gave up all hope of finding a fit nurse, to ask Mrs. Norbury, as an old resident in the West Winston neighbourhood, for a word of advice.

Accordingly, after seeing the child, and pronouncing that there were no symptoms about the little patient which need cause the slightest alarm to anybody, Mr. Orridge paved the way for a statement of the difficuly that beset him, by asking Mrs. Norbury if she had heard of the "interesting event" that had happened at the Tiger's Head.

"You mean," answered Mr. Norbury, who was a downright woman, and a resolute speaker of the plainest possible English—"you mean, have I heard about that poor unfortunate lady who was taken ill on her journey, and who had a child born at the inn? We have heard so much, and no more—living as we do (thank Heaven!) out of the reach of the West Winston gossip. How is the lady? Who is she? Is the child well? Is she tolerably comfortable, poor thing? Can I send her anything or do anything for her?"

"You would do a great thing for her, and render a great assistance to me," said Mr. Orridge, "if you could tell me of any respectable woman in this neighbourhood who would be a proper nurse for her."

"You don't mean to say that the poor creature has not a nurse!" exclaimed Mr. Norbury.

"She has had the best nurse in West Winston," replied Mr. Orridge. "But, most unfortunately, the woman was taken ill this morning, and was obliged to go home. I am now at my wit's end for somebody to supply her place. Mrs. Frankland has been used to the luxury of being well waited on; and where am I to find an attendant, who is likely to satisfy her, is more than I can tell.

"Frankland, did you say, her name was?" enquired Mrs. Norbury.

"Yes. She is, I understand, a daughter of that Captain Treverton, who was lost with his ship, a year ago, in the West Indies. Perhaps you may remember the account of the disaster in the newspapers?"

"Of course I do! and I remember the Captain, too. I was acquainted with him when he was a young man, at Portsmouth. His daughter and I ought not to be strangers, especially under such circumstances as the poor thing is placed in now. I will call at the inn, Mr. Orridge, as soon as you will allow me to introduce myself to her. But, in the meantime, what is to be done is this difficulty about the nurse? Who is with Mrs. Frankland now?"

"Her maid; but she is a very young woman, and does n't understand nursing-duties. The landlady of the inn is ready to help when she can; but then she has constant demands on her time and attention. I suppose we shall have to telegraph to London, and get somebody sent here by railway."

"And that will take time, of course? And the new nurse may turn out to be a drunkard, or a thief, or both—when you have got her here," said the outspoken Mrs. Norbury. "Dear, dear me! can't we do something better than that? I am ready, I am sure, to take any trouble, or make any sacrifice, if I can be of any use to Mrs. Frankland. Do you know, Mr. Orridge, I think it would be a good plan if we consulted my housekeeper—Mrs. Jazeph. She is an odd woman, with an odd name, you will say. But she has lived with me in this house more than five years, and she may know of somebody in our neighbourhood who might suit you, though I don't." With those words, Mrs. Norbury rang the bell, and ordered the servant, who answered it, to tell Mrs. Jazeph that she was wanted up-stairs immediately.

After the lapse of a minute or so, a soft knock was heard at the door, and the housekeeper entered the room.

Mr. Orridge looked at her, the moment she appeared, with an interest and curiosity for which he was hardly able to account. He judged her, at a rough guess, to be a woman of about fifty years of age. At the first glance, his medical eye detected that some of the intricate machinery of the nervous system had gone wrong with Mrs. Jazeph. He noted the painful working of the muscles of her face, and the hectic flush that flew into her cheeks when she entered the room and found a visitor there. He observed a strangely scared look in her eyes, and remarked that it did not leave them when the rest of her face became gradually composed. "The woman had some dreadful fright, some great grief, or some wasting complaint," he thought to himself. "I wonder which it is?"

"This is Mr. Orridge, the medical gentleman who has lately settled at West Winston," said Mrs. Norbury, addressing the housekeeper. "He is in attendance on a lady, who was obliged to stop, on her journey westward, at our station, and who is now staying at the Tiger's Head. You have heard something about it, have you not, Mrs. Jazeph?"

Mrs. Jazeph, standing just inside the door, looked respectfully towards the doctor, and answered in the affirmative. Although she only said the two common words, "Yes, ma'am," in a quiet, uninteresting way, Mr. Orridge was struck by the sweetness and tenderness of her voice. If he had not been looking at her, he would have supposed it to be the voice of a young woman. His eyes remained fixed on her after she had spoken, though he felt that they ought to have been looking towards her mistress. He, the most unobservant of men in such things, found himself noticing her dress, so that he remembered, long afterwards, the form of the spotless muslin cap, that primly covered her smooth grey hair, and the quiet brown colour of the silk dress that fitted so neatly and hung around her in such spare and disciplined folds. The little confusion which she evidently felt at finding herself the object of the doctor's attention, did not betray her into the slightest awkwardness of gesture or manner. If there can be such a thing, physically-speaking, as the grace of restraint, that was the grace which seemed to govern Mrs. Jazeph's slightest movements; which led her feet smoothly over the carpet, as she advanced when her mistress next spoke to her; which governed the action of her wan right-hand as it rested lightly on a table by her side, while she stopped to hear the next question that was addressed to her.

"Well," continued Mrs. Norbury, "this poor lady was just getting on comfortably, when the nurse, who was looking after her, fell ill this morning; and there she is now, in a strange place, with a first child, and no proper attendance—no woman of age and experience to help her as she ought to be helped. We want somebody fit to wait on a delicate woman who has seen nothing of the rough side of humanity. Can you help us, Mrs. Jazeph? Are there any women down in the village, or among Mr. Norbury's tenants, who understand nursing, and have some tact and tenderness to recommend them into the bargain?"

Mrs. Jazeph reflected for a little while, and then said, very respectfully, but very briefly also, and still without any appearance of interest in her manner, that she knew of no one whom she could recommend.

"Don't make too sure of that, till you have thought a little longer," said Mrs. Norbury. "I have a particular interest in serving this lady, for Mr. Orridge told me just before you came in, that she she is the daughter of Captain Treverton, whose shipwreck—"

The instant those words were spoken, Mrs. Jazeph turned round with a start, and looked at the doctor. Apparently forgetting that her right hand was on the table, she moved it so suddenly that it struck against a bronze statuette of a dog placed on some writing materials. The statuette fell to the ground, and Mrs. Jazeph stoop to pick it up with a cry of alarm which seemed strangely exaggerated by comparison with the trifling nature of the accident.

"Bless the woman! what is she frightened about?" exclaimed Mrs. Norbury. "The dog is not hurt—put it back again! This is the first time, Mrs. Jazeph, that I ever knew you do an awkward thing. You may take that as a compliment, I think. Well, as I was saying, this lady is the daughter of Captain Treverton, whose dreadful shipwreck we all read about in the papers. I knew her father in my early days, and on that account I am doubly anxious to be of service to her now. Do think again. Is there nobody within reach who can be trusted to nurse her?"

The doctor, watching Mrs. Jazeph with that secret medical interest of his in her case, had seen her turn so deadly pale when she started and looked towards him, that he would not have been surprised if she had fainted on the spot. He now observed that she changed colour again when her mistress left off speaking. The hectic red tinged her cheeks once more with two bright spots. Her timid eyes wandered uneasily about the room; and her fingers, as she clasped her hands together, interlaced themselves mechanically. "That would be an interesting case to treat," thought the doctor, following every nervous movement of the housekeeper's hands with watchful eyes.

"Do think again," repeated Mrs. Norbury. "I am so anxious to help this poor lady through her difficulty, if I can."

"I am very sorry," said Mrs. Jazeph, in faint, trembling tones, but still always with the same sweetness in her voice, "very sorry that I can think of no one who is fit; but——"

She stopped. No shy child on its first introduction to the society of strangers could have looked more disconcerted than she looked now. Her eyes were on the ground; her colour was deepening; the fingers of her clasped hands were working together faster and faster every moment.

"But what?" asked Mrs. Norbury.

"I was about to say, ma'am," answered Mrs. Jazeph, speaking with the greatest difficulty and uneasiness, and never raising her eyes to her mistress's face, "that, rather than this lady should want for a nurse, I would—considering the interest, ma'am, which you take in her—I would, if you thought you could spare me——"

"What, nurse her yourself!" exclaimed Mrs. Norbury. "Upon my word, although you have got to it in rather a roundabout way, you have come to the point at last, in a manner which does infinite credit to your kindness of heart and your readiness to make yourself useful. As to sparing you, of course I am not so selfish, under the circumstances, as to think twice of the inconvenience of losing my housekeeper. But the question is, are you competent as well as willing? Have you ever had any practice in nursing?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered Mrs. Jazeph, still without raising her eyes from the ground. "Shortly after my marriage" (the flush disappeared, and her face turned pale again as she said these words), "I had some practice in nursing, and continued it at intervals until the time of my husband's death. I only presume to offer myself, sir," she went on, turning towards the doctor, and becoming more earnest and self-possessed in her manner as she did so; "I only presume to offer myself, with my mistress's permission, as a substitute for a nurse until some better qualified person can be found."

"What do you say, Mr. Orridge?" asked Mrs. Norbury.

It had been the doctor's turn to start when he first heard Mrs. Jazeph propose herself for the office of nurse. He hesitated before he answered Mrs. Norbury's question, then said:

"I can have but one doubt about the propriety of thankfully accepting Mrs. Jazeph's offer."

Mrs. Jazeph's timid eyes looked anxiously and perplexedly at him as he spoke. Mrs. Norbury, in her downright, abrupt way, asked immediately what the doubt was.

"I feel some uncertainty," replied Mr. Orridge, "as to whether Mrs. Jazeph—she will pardon me, as a medical man, for mentioning it—as to whether Mrs. Jazeph is strong enough, and has her nerves sufficiently under control to perform the duties which she is so kindly ready to undertake."

In spite of the politeness of the explanation, Mrs. Jazeph was evidently disconcerted and distressed by it. A certain quiet, uncomplaining sadness, which it was very touching to see, overspread her face, as she turned away without another word, and walked slowly to the door.

"Don't go yet!" cried Mrs. Norbury, kindly, "or, at least, if you do go, come back again in five minutes. I am quite certain we shall have something more to say to you then."

Mrs. Jazeph's eyes expressed her thanks in one grateful glance. They looked so much brighter than usual while they rested on her mistress's face, that Mrs. Norbury half doubted whether the tears were not just rising in them at that moment. Before she could look again, Mrs. Jazeph had curtseyed to the doctor, and had noiselessly left the room.

"Now, we are alone, Mr. Orridge," said Mrs. Norbury, "I may tell you, with all submission to your medical judgment, that you are a little exaggerating Mrs. Jazeph's nervous infirmities. She looks poorly enough, I own—but, after five years' experience of her, I can tell you that she is stronger than she looks, and I honestly think you will be doing good service to Mrs. Frankland if you try our volunteer nurse, at least, for a day or two. She is the gentlest, tenderest creature I ever met with, and conscientious to a fault in the performance of any duty that she undertakes. Don't be under any delicacy about taking her away. I gave a dinner-party last week, and shall not give another for some time to come. I never could have spared my housekeeper more easily than I can spare her now."

"I am sure I may offer Mrs. Frankland's thanks to you as well as my own," said Mr. Orridge. "After what you have said, it would be ungracious and ungrateful in me not to follow your advice. But will you excuse me, if I ask one question? Did you ever hear that Mrs. Jazeph was subject to fits of any kind?"

"Never."

"Not even to hysterical affections, now and then?"

"Never, since she has been in this house."

"You surprise me, there is something in her look and manner——"

"Yes, yes; everybody remarks that, at first; but it simply means that she is in delicate health, and that she has not led a very happy life (as I suspect) in her younger days. The lady from whom I had her (with an excellent character) told me that she had married unhappily when she was in a sadly poor unprotected state. She never says anything about her married troubles herself; but I believe her husband ill-used her. However, it does not seem to me that this is our business. I can only tell you again that she has been an excellent servant here for the last five years, and that, in your place, poorly as she may look, I should consider her as the best nurse that Mrs. Frankland could possibly wish for, under the circumstances. There is no need for me to say any more. Take Mrs. Jazeph, or telegraph to London for a stranger—the decision, of course, rests with you."

Mr. Orridge thought he detected a slight tone of irritability in Mrs. Norbury's last sentence. He was a prudent man; and he suppressed any doubts he might still feel in reference to Mrs. Jazeph's physical capacities for nursing rather than risk offending the most important lady in the neighbourhood at the outset of his practice in West Winston as a medical man.

"I cannot hesitate a moment after what you have been good enough to tell me," he said. "Pray believe that I gratefully accept your kindness and your housekeeper's offer."

Mrs. Norbury rang the bell. It was answered, on the instant, by the housekeeper herself.

The doctor wondered whether she had been listening outside the door, and thought it rather strange, if she had, that she should be so anxious to learn his decision.

"Mr. Orridge accepts your offer with thanks," said Mrs. Norbury, beckoning to Mrs. Jazeph to advance into the room. "I have persuaded him that you are not quite so weak and ill as you look."

A gleam of joyful surprise broke over the housekeeper's face. It looked suddenly younger by years and years, as she smiled and expressed her grateful sense of the trust that was about to be reposed in her. For the first time also since the doctor had seen her, she ventured on speaking before she was spoken to.

"When will my attendance be required, sir?" she asked.

"As soon as possible," replied Mr. Orridge. How quickly and brightly her dim eyes seemed to clear as she heard that answer! How much more hasty than her usual movements was the movement with which she now turned round and looked appealingly at her mistress!

"Go whenever Mr. Orridge wants you," said Mrs. Norbury. "I know your accounts are always in order, and your keys always in their proper places. You never make confusion and you never leave confusion. Go, by all means, as soon as the doctor wants you."

"I suppose you have some preparations to make?" said Mr. Orridge.

"None, sir, that need delay me more than half-an-hour," answered Mrs. Jazeph.

"This evening will be early enough," said the doctor, taking his hat, and bowing to Mrs. Norbury. "Come to the Tiger's Head, and ask for me. I shall be there between seven and eight. Many thanks again, Mrs. Norbury."

"My best wishes and compliments to your patient, doctor."

"At the Tiger's Head, between seven and eight this evening," reiterated Mr. Orridge, as the housekeeper opened the door for him.

"Between seven and eight, sir," repeated the soft sweet voice, sounding younger than ever, now that there was an under-note of pleasure running through its tones.

CHAPTER THE NINTH. THE NEW NURSE.

As the clock struck seven, Mr. Orridge put on his hat to go to the Tiger's Head. He had just opened his own door, when he was met on the step by a messenger, who summoned him immediately to a case of sudden illness in the poor quarter of the town. The inquiries he made satisfied him that the appeal was really of an urgent nature, and that there was no help for it but to delay his attendance for a little while at the inn. On reaching the bedside of the patient, he discovered symptoms in the case which rendered an immediate operation necessary. The performance of this professional duty occupied some time. It was a quarter to eight before he left his house, for the second time, on his way to the Tiger's Head.

On entering the inn door, he was informed that the new nurse had arrived as early as seven o'clock, and had been waiting for him, in a room by herself, ever since. Having received no orders from Mr. Orridge, the landlady had thought it safest not to introduce the stranger to Mrs. Frankland before the doctor came.

"Did she ask to go up into Mrs. Frankland's room?" inquired Mr. Orridge.

"Yes, sir," replied the landlady. "And I thought she seemed rather put out when I said that I must beg her to wait till you got here. Will you step this way, and see her at once, sir? She is in my parlour."

Mr. Orridge followed the landlady into a little room at the back of the house, and found Mrs. Jazeph sitting alone in the corner farthest from the window. He was rather surprised to see that she drew her veil down the moment the door was opened.

"I am sorry you should have been kept waiting," he said; "but I was called away to a patient. Besides, I told you between seven and eight, if you remember; and it is not eight o'clock yet."

"I was very anxious to be in good time, sir," said Mrs. Jazeph. There was an accent of restraint in the quiet tones in which she spoke which struck Mr. Orridge's ear, and a little perplexed him. She was, apparently, not only afraid that her face might betray something, but apprehensive also that her voice might tell him more than her words expressed. What feeling was she anxious to conceal? Was it irritation at having been kept waiting so long by herself in the landlady's room?

"If you will follow me," said Mr. Orridge, "I will take you to Mrs. Frankland immediately."

Mrs. Jazeph rose slowly, and, when she was on her feet, rested her hand for an instant on a table near her. That action, momentary as it was, helped to confirm the doctor in his conviction of her physical unfitness for the position which she had volunteered to occupy.

"You seem tired," he said, as he led the way out of the door. "Surely, you did not walk all the way here?"

"No, sir. My mistress was so kind as to let one of the servants drive me in the pony chaise." There was the same restraint in her voice, as she made that answer; and still she never attempted to lift her veil. While ascending the inn stairs Mr. Orridge mentally resolved to watch her first proceedings in Mrs. Frankland's room closely, and to send, after all, for the London nurse, unless Mrs. Jazeph showed remarkable enthusiasm and aptitude in the performance of her new duties.

The room which Mrs. Frankland occupied was situated at the back of the house, having been chosen in that position, with the object of removing her as much as possible from the bustle and noise about the inn door. It was lighted by one window overlooking a few cottages, beyond which spread the rich grazing grounds of West Somersetshire, bounded by a long monotonous line of thickly-wooded hills. The bed was of the old-fashioned kind, with the customary four posts and the inevitable damask curtains. It projected from the wall into the middle of the room, in such a situation as to keep the door on the right hand of the person occupying it, the window on the left, and the fireplace opposite the foot of the bed. On the side of the bed nearest the window, the curtains were open, while at the foot, and on the side near the door, they were closely drawn. By this arrangement the interior of the bed was necessarily concealed from the view of any person on first entering the room.

"How do you find yourself to-night, Mrs. Frankland?" asked Mr. Orridge, reaching out his hand to undraw the the curtains. "Do you think you will be any the worse for a little freer circulation of air?"

"On the contrary, doctor, I shall be all the better," was the answer. "But I am afraid—in case you have ever been disposed to consider me a sensible woman—that my character will suffer a little in your estimation, when you see how I have been occupying myself for the last hour."

Mr. Orridge smiled as he undrew the curtains, and laughed outright when he looked at the mother and child. Mrs. Frankland had been amusing herself, and gratifying her taste for bright colours, by dressing out her baby with blue ribbons as he lay asleep. He had a necklace, shoulder-knots, and bracelets, all of blue ribbon; and to complete the quaint finery of his costume, his mother's smart little lace cap had been hitched comically on one side of his head. Rosamond herself, as if determined to vie with the baby in gaiety of dress, wore a light pink jacket, ornamented down the bosom and over the sleeves with bows of white satin ribbon. Laburnum blossoms, gathered that morning, lay scattered about over the white counterpane, intermixed with some flowers of the Lily of the Valley, tied up into two nosegays with strips of cherry-coloured ribbon. Over this varied assemblage of colours, over the baby's ruddy cheek and arms, over his mother's happy, youthful face, the tender light of the May evening poured tranquil and warm. Thoroughly appreciating the charm of the picture which he had disclosed on undrawing the curtains, the doctor stood looking at it for a few moments, quite forgetful of the errand that had brought him into the room. He was only recalled to a remembrance of the new nurse by a chance question which Mrs. Frankland addressed to him.

"I can't help it, doctor," said Rosamond, with a look of apology. "I really can't help treating my baby, now I am a grown woman, just as I used to treat my doll when I was a little girl. Did anybody come into the room with you? Lenny, are you there? Have you done dinner, darling, and did you drink my health when you were left at dessert all by yourself?"

"Mr. Frankland is still at dinner," said the doctor. "But I certainly brought some one into the room with me. Where in the name of wonder has she gone?—Mrs. Jazeph!"

The housekeeper had slipped round to the part of the room between the foot of the bed and the fire-place, where she was hidden by the curtains that still remained drawn. When Mr. Orridge called to her, instead of joining him where he stood, opposite the window, she appeared at the other side of the bed, where the window was behind her. Her shadow stole darkly over the bright picture which the doctor had been admiring. It stretched obliquely across the counterpane, and its dusky edges touched the figures of the mother and child.

"Gracious goodness! who are you?" exclaimed Rosamond, "a woman, or a ghost?"

Mrs. Jazeph's veil was up at last. Although her face was necessarily in shadow in the position which she had chosen to occupy, the doctor saw a change pass over it when Mrs. Frankland spoke. The lips dropped and quivered a little; the marks of care and age, about the mouth, deepened; and the eyebrows contracted suddenly. The eyes Mr. Orridge could not see; they were cast down on the counterpane at the first word that Rosamond uttered. Judging by the light of his medical experience, the doctor concluded that she was suffering pain, and trying to suppress any outward manifestation of it. "An affection of the heart, most likely," he thought to himself. "She has concealed it from her mistress, but she can't hide it from me."

"Who are you?" repeated Rosamond. "And what in the world do you stand there for—between us and the sunlight?"

Mrs. Jazeph neither answered nor raised her eyes. She only moved back timidly to the farthest corner of the window.

"Did you not get a message from me this afternoon?" asked the doctor, appealing to Mrs. Frankland.

"To be sure I did," replied Rosamond. "A very kind, flattering message about a new nurse."

"There she is," said Mr. Orridge, pointing across the bed to Mrs. Jazeph.

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Rosamond. "But of course it must be. Who else could have come in with you? I ought to have known that. Pray come here (what is her name, doctor? Joseph, did you say?—No? —Jazeph?)—pray come nearer, Mrs. Jazeph, and let me apologize for speaking so abruptly to you. I am more obliged than I can say, for your kindness in coming here, and for your mistress's good-nature in resigning you to me. I hope I shall not give you much trouble, and I am sure you will find the baby easy to manage. He is a perfect angel, and sleeps like a dormouse. Dear me! now I look at you a little closer, I am afraid you are in very delicate health, yourself. Doctor! if Mrs. Jazeph would not be offended with me, I should almost feel inclined to say that she looks in want of nursing, herself?"

Mrs. Jazeph bent down over the laburnum blossoms on the bed, and began hurriedly and confusedly to gather them together.

"I thought as you do, Mrs. Frankland," said Mr. Orridge. "But I have been assured that Mrs. Jazeph's looks belie her, and that her capabilities, as a nurse, quite equal her zeal."

"Are you going to make all that laburnum into a nosegay?" asked Mrs. Frankland, noticing how the new nurse was occupying herself. "How thoughtful of you! and how magnificent it will be! I am afraid you will find the room very untidy. I will ring for my maid to set it to rights."

"If you will allow me to put it in order, ma'am, I shall be very glad to begin being of use to you in that way," said Mrs. Jazeph. When she made the offer, she looked up; and her eyes and Mrs. Frankland's met. Rosamond instantly drew back on the pillow, and her colour altered a little.

"How strangely you look at me!" she said.

Mrs. Jazeph started at the words, as if something had struck her, and moved away suddenly to the window.

"You are not offended with me, I hope?" said Rosamond, noticing the action. "I have a sad habit of saying anything that comes uppermost. And I really thought you looked just now as if you saw something about me that frightened or grieved you. Pray put the room in order, if you are kindly willing to undertake the trouble. And never mind what I say—you will soon get used to my ways—and we shall be as comfortable and friendly——"

Just as Mrs. Frankland said the words, "comfortable" and "friendly," the new nurse left the window, and went back to the part of the room where she was hidden from view, between the fireplace and the closed curtains at the foot of the bed. Rosamond looked round to express her surprise to the doctor, but he turned away at the same moment so as to occupy a position which might enable him to observe what Mrs. Jazeph was doing on the other side of the bed-curtains.

When he first caught sight of her, her hands were both raised to her face. Before he could decide whether he had surprised her in the act of clasping them over her eyes or not, they changed their position, and were occupied in removing her bonnet. After she had placed this part of her wearing apparel, and her shawl and gloves, on a chair in a corner of the room, she went to the dressing-table, and began to arrange the various useful and ornamental objects scattered about it. She set them in order with remarkable dexterity and neatness, showing a taste for arrangement, and a capacity for discriminating between things that were likely to be wanted and things that were not, which impressed Mr. Orridge very favourably. He particularly noticed the carefulness with which she handled some bottles of physic, reading the labels on each, and arranging the medicine that might be required at night on one side of the table, and the medicine that might be required in the day-time on the other. When she left the dressing-table, and occupied herself in setting the furniture straight, and in folding up articles of clothing that had been thrown on one side, not the slightest movement of her thin wasted hands seemed ever to be made at hazard or in vain. Noiselessly, modestly, observantly, she moved from side to side of the room, and neatness and order followed her steps wherever she went. When Mr. Orridge resumed his place at Mrs. Frankland's bedside, his mind was at ease on one point at least—it was perfectly evident that the new nurse could be depended on to make no mistakes.

"What an odd woman she is!" whispered Rosamond.

"Odd, indeed," returned Mr. Orridge, "and desperately broken in health, though she may not confess to it. However, she is wonderfully neat-handed and careful, and there can be no harm in trying her for one night—that is to say, unless you feel any objection."

"On the contrary," said Rosamond, "she rather interests me. There is something in her face and manner—I can't say what—that makes me feel curious to know more of her. I must get her to talk, and try if I can't bring out all her peculiarities. Don't be afraid of my exciting myself, and don't stop here in this dull room on my account. I would much rather you went down-stairs, and kept my husband company over his wine. Do go and talk to him, and amuse him a little—he must be so dull, poor fellow, while I am up here; and he likes you, Mr. Orridge—he does, very much. Stop one moment, and just look at the baby again. He does n't take a dangerous quantity of sleep, does he? And, Mr. Orridge, one word more: when you have done your wine, you will promise to lend my husband the use of your eyes, and bring him up-stairs to wish me good-night, won't you?"

Willingly engaging to pay attention to Mrs. Frankland's request, Mr. Orridge left the bedside. As he opened the room door, he stopped to tell Mrs. Jazeph that he should be down-stairs if she wanted him, and that he would give her any instructions of which she might stand in need later in the evening, before he left the inn for the night. The new nurse, when he passed by her, was kneeling over one of Mrs. Frankland's open trunks, arranging some articles of clothing which had been rather carelessly folded up. Just before he spoke to her, he observed that she had a chemisette in her hand, the frill of which was laced through with ribbon. One end of this ribbon she appeared to him to be on the point of drawing out, when the sound of his footsteps disturbed her. The moment she became aware of his approach, she dropped the chemisette suddenly in the trunk, and covered it over with some handkerchiefs. Although this proceeding on Mrs. Jazeph's part rather surprised the doctor, he abstained from showing that he had noticed it. Her mistress had vouched for her character, after five years' experience of it, and the bit of ribbon was intrinsically worthless. On both accounts, it was impossible to suspect her of attempting to steal it; and yet, as Mr. Orridge could not help feeling when he had left the room, her conduct, when he surprised her over the trunk, was exactly the conduct of a person who is about to commit a theft.

"Pray don't trouble yourself about my luggage," said Rosamond, remarking Mrs. Jazeph's occupation as soon as the doctor had gone. "That is my idle maid's business, and you will only make her more careless than ever if you do it for her. I am sure the room is beautifully set in order. Come here, and sit down and rest yourself. You must be a very unselfish, kind-hearted woman to give yourself all this trouble to serve a stranger. The doctor's message this afternoon told me that your mistress was a friend of my poor, dear father's. I suppose she must have known him before my time. Any way, I feel doubly grateful to her for taking an interest in me for my father's sake. But you can have no such feeling; you must have come here from pure good-nature and anxiety to help others. Don't go away, there, to the window. Come and sit down by me."

Mrs. Jazeph had risen from the trunk, and was approaching the bedside—when she suddenly turned away in the direction of the fire-place, just as Mrs. Frankland began to speak of her father.

"Come, and sit here, reiterated Rosamond, getting impatient at receiving no answer. "What in the world are you doing there at the foot of the bed?"

The figure of the new nurse again interposed between the bed and the fading evening light that glimmered through the window, before there was any reply.

"The evening is closing in," said Mrs. Jazeph, "and the window is not quite shut. I was thinking of making it fast, and of drawing down the blind—if you had no objection, ma'am?"

"O, not yet! not yet! Shut the window, if you please, in case the baby should catch cold, but don't draw down the blind. Let me get my peep at the view as long as there is any light left to see it by. That long flat stretch of grazing-ground out there, is just beginning, at this dim time, to look a little like my childish recollections of a Cornish moor. Do you know anything about Cornwall, Mrs. Jazeph?"

"I have heard"—— At those first three words of reply the nurse stopped. She was just then engaged in shutting the window, and she seemed to find some difficulty in closing the lock.

"What have you heard?" asked Rosamond.

"I have heard that Cornwall is a wild, dreary country," said Mrs. Jazeph, still busying herself with the lock of the window, and, by consequence, still keeping her back turned on Mrs. Frankland.

"Can't you shut the window, yet?" said Rosamond. "My maid always does it quite easily. Leave it till she comes up, I am going to ring for her directly. I want her to brush my hair and cool my face with a little Eau de Cologne and water."

"I have shut it, ma'am," said Mrs. Jazeph, suddenly succeeding in closing the lock. "And, if you will allow me, I should be very glad to make you comfortable for the night, and save you the trouble of ringing for the maid."

Thinking the new nurse the oddest woman she had ever met with, Mrs. Frankland accepted the offer. By this time Mrs. Jazeph had prepared the Eau de Cologne and water, the twilight was falling softly over the landscape outside, and the room was beginning to grow dark.

"Had you not better light a candle?" suggested Rosamond.

"I think not, ma'am," said Mrs. Jazeph, rather hastily. "I can see quite well without."

She began to brush Mrs. Frankland's hair as she spoke; and, at the same time, asked a question which referred to the few words that had passed between them on the subject of Cornwall. Pleased to find that the new nurse had grown familiar enough at last to speak before she was spoken to, Rosamond desired nothing better than to talk about her recollections of her native country. But, from some inexplicable reason, Mrs. Jazeph's touch, light and tender as it was, had such a strangely disconcerting effect on her, that she could not succeed, for the moment, in collecting her thoughts so as to reply, except in the briefest manner. The careful hands of the nurse lingered with a stealthy gentleness among the locks of her hair; the pale, wasted face of the new nurse approached, every now and then, more closely to her own than appeared at all needful. A vague sensation of uneasiness which she could not trace to any particular part of her—which she could hardly say that she really felt, in a bodily sense, at all—seemed to be floating about her, to be hanging around and over her, like the air she breathed. She could not move, though she wanted to move, in the bed; she could not turn her head so as to humour the action of the brush; she could not look round; she could not break the embarrassing silence which had been caused by her own short, discouraging answer. At last the sense of oppression—whether fancied, or real—irritated her into snatching the brush out of Mrs. Jazeph's hand. The instant she had done so, she felt ashamed of the discourteous abruptness of the action, and confused at the alarm and surprise which the manner of the nurse exhibited. With the strongest sense of the absurdity of her own conduct, and yet without the least power of controlling herself, she burst out laughing, and tossed the brush away to the foot of the bed.

"Pray don't look surprised, Mrs. Jazeph," she said, still laughing without knowing why, and without feeling in the slightest degree amused. "I'm very rude and odd, I know. You have brushed my hair delightfully; but —I can't tell how—it seemed, all the time, as if you were brushing the strangest fancies into my head. I can't help laughing at them—I can't, indeed! Do you know, once or twice, I absolutely fancied, when your face was closest to mine, that you wanted to kiss me! Did you ever hear of anything so ridiculous? I declare I am more of a baby, in some things, than the little darling here by my side!"

Mrs. Jazeph made no answer. She left the bed while Rosamond was speaking, and came back, after an unaccountably long delay, with the Eau de Cologne and water. As she held the basin while Mrs. Frankland bathed her face, she kept away at arm's length, and came no nearer when it was time to offer the towel. Rosamond began to be afraid that she had seriously offended Mrs. Jazeph, and tried to soothe and propitiate her by asking questions about the management of the baby. There was a slight trembling in the sweet voice of the new nurse, but not the faintest tone of sullenness or anger, as she simply and quietly answered the inquiries addressed to her. By dint of keeping the conversation still on the subject of the child, Mrs. Frankland succeeded, little by little, in luring her back to the bedside—in tempting her to bend down admiringly over the infant—in emboldening her, at last, to kiss him tenderly on the cheek. One kiss was all that she gave; and she turned away from the bed, after it, and sighed heavily.

The sound of that sigh fell very sadly on Rosamond's heart. Up to this time, the baby's little span of life had always been associated with smiling faces and pleasant words. It made her uneasy to think that any one could caress him and sigh after it.

"I am sure you must be fond of children," she said, besitating a little from natural delicacy of feeling. "But, will you excuse me for noticing that it seems rather a mournful fondness? Pray—pray don't answer my question if it gives you any pain—if you have any loss to deplore; but—but I do so want to ask if you ever had a child of your own?"

Mrs. Jazeph was standing near a chair when that question was put. She caught fast hold of the back of it, grasping it so firmly, or perhaps leaning on it so heavily, that the woodwork cracked. Her head drooped low on her bosom. She did not utter, or even attempt to utter, a single word.

Fearing that she must have lost a child of her own, and dreading to distress her unnecessarily by venturing to ask any more questions, Rosamond said nothing, as she stooped over the baby to kiss him in her turn. Her lips rested on his cheek a little above where Mrs. Jazeph's lips had rested the moment before, and they touched a spot of wet on his smooth warm skin. Fearing that some of the water in which she had been bathing her face might have dropped on him, she passed her fingers lightly over his head, neck, and bosom, and felt no other spots of wet anywhere. The one drop that had fallen on him was the drop that wetted the cheek which the nurse had kissed.

The twilight faded over the